

when distributing prizes or opening free public libraries were clearly out of the question: yet even here, and almost within the shadow of Bodley's library, I observe that all the speeches assumed as axiomatic that curious belief of the amateur—that a poet is almost necessarily a thinker in advance of his age, and therefore peculiarly liable to persecution at the hands of his contemporaries. But if "mere literature" be at present out of fashion in our Universities, logic still flourishes, I believe; and the laws that should govern induction are still in force. Now, however many different persons Homer may have been, I cannot remember that one of him suffered martyrdom, or even discomfort, on account of his radical doctrine. I seem to remember that Æschylus enjoyed the esteem of his fellow-citizens, sided with the old aristocratic party, and lived long enough to find his own tragedies considered archaic; that Sophocles, towards the end of a very prosperous life, was charged with senile decay and consequent inability to administer his estates—two infirmities which even his accusers did not seek to connect with advanced thinking; and that Euripides, though a technical innovator, stood hardly an inch ahead of the fashionable dialectic of his day, and suffered only from the ridicule of his comic contemporaries and the disdain of his wife—misfortunes incident to the most respectable. Pindar and Virgil were court favourites, repaying their patrons in golden song. Dante, indeed, suffered banishment; but his banishment was just a move in a political (or rather a family) game. Petrarch and Ariosto were not uncomfortable in their generations. Chaucer and Shakespeare lived happy lives and sang in the very key of their own times. Puritanism waited for its hour of triumph to produce its great poet, who lived unmolested when the hour of triumph passed and that of reprisals succeeded. Racine was a royal pensioner; Goethe a chamberlain and the most admired figure of his time. Tennyson (whom we must not place below Shakespeare, or the Lord Chief Justice of England will sum up against us and condemn us as Philistines. It really is delicious) could hardly complain of popular or royal neglect. All these are acknowledged kings of song, and I fail to see how the advanced-thought-and-persecution theory is going to account for their cases. At present that theory seems to be but a hasty generalisation from a few capriciously selected particulars.

The mischief of it is that these absurd beliefs about literature are set afloat by men who enjoy high and deserved reputations in their own spheres of study—men who, if similar processes of reasoning were used by a fellow-worker in their own profession, would promptly set him down as an intellectual *crétin*. I think it is Mr. Herbert Spencer who tells the story of an old mill-horse, accustomed on six days of the week to face round and round in the same circle, who was observed, when turned out to grass on Sunday, to seek the scene of his labour and pace steadily round and round in the reverse direction. Some such instinct must surely move those eminent philosophers, men of science, and "publicists," who honour literature by making it the field of their recreations. They reverse their customary processes of thought until, growing wanton as they feel their brains relax, they are fain to roll and kick their heels among the flower-beds of the Muses.

This is all very pretty, and in its way amusing: but it seems time to protest against the habit, daily gaining ground among our serious ones, of misbehaving in one field of knowledge on the strength of a reputation gained in another. Literature is a fair and broad park in which all men may find delight and recreation: nor needs the Lord Chief Justice to plead at the gate his kinship with one of our greatest poets. But when these gentlemen begin to hector the park-keepers and alter the labels in the flower-beds and comport themselves in a

manner to frighten the young—whether the young be Salt Scholars or comparatively fresh—then the thing becomes a public nuisance. The wisdom of our fathers has provided an apparatus for correcting Lord Coleridge if he misinterprets the Common Law. But who shall with authority assure a Shipley Salt Scholar that he may esteem Shakespeare above Tennyson, and yet be no Philistine?

I conclude with expressing a hope that readers of THE SPEAKER who may from time to time come across remarks of peculiar fatuity, uttered by eminent amateurs on literary topics, will send them on to me as candidates for inclusion in the new Birthday-Book. A. T. Q. C.

REVIEWS.

JUNE 18, 1815.

THE CAMPAIGN OF WATERLOO. By John Codman Ropes. New York: Charles Scribner & Sons.

LAST Sunday was the seventy-eighth anniversary of the Battle of Waterloo, yet the fascination of this historic campaign shows no sign of diminution. The reasons are easily understood. No great operations of war have been so intensely dramatic, so decisive in results, so short in actual duration, or carried out over so limited an area. Where two armies with an aggregate strength of about 214,000 men, deliberately await the onslaught of one numbering 128,000, the ultimate issue, assuming tolerable equality of fighting power, should not be doubtful; but there are many moves in the game, and in analysing the various possible combinations, the strokes of genius, and the inevitable errors, is to be found the charm and the instruction of military history. Given the conditions, the grouping of the counters and their values, as existing on the morning of the memorable 18th June, 1815, the tremendous result may be said to have been predetermined. Thus the vivid interest of the Waterloo campaign lies in the strategical movements which led to that grouping rather than in the actual combat. For, simple as the operations in broad outline may appear, they present a series of problems whose solutions turn upon the text of orders given and received, and the precise measure of knowledge possessed by individuals at particular periods. Napoleon, by a rapid concentration ably conceived and executed, secured an initial advantage over his scattered opponents. It was practically possible for the French to have occupied Quatre Bras in force on the evening of the 15th of June, thus preventing all chance of co-operation between the Allies. Failing this, it was still possible on the 16th to have inflicted a disastrous defeat either upon the partially assembled Prussian army at Ligny, or upon Wellington's slowly accumulating force at Quatre Bras. Yet Napoleon gained only an incomplete victory at the one point, and Ney merely held Wellington in check at the other, while a French army corps oscillated uselessly between the two. In the final phase of the brief campaign the Allies were at length united for the decisive struggle. Yet, on the one hand, a French force some 33,000 strong brought no aid to Napoleon, and, on the other hand, Wellington deprived himself of 18,000 men whose presence was sorely needed at Waterloo. To ascertain the causes which led to results so strange and so vitally important as these, to apportion justly praise and blame, and to draw the necessary lessons for the future, are the objects of the military critic.

Since the publication in 1868 of Colonel C. Chesney's masterly lectures, no work approaching that of Mr. Ropes in completeness and critical acumen has appeared. Following the convenient form adopted in these lectures, the writer has separated narrative from analysis and has produced a volume which is at once eminently readable and

replete with solid reasoning. Here are no preconceived theories to be established by a manipulation of facts, no academic attempts to lay down artificial strategic laws, but a lucid statement of conditions and a judicial examination of probabilities. Nothing could be better than the discussion of Napoleon's plan of campaign, which has given rise to much controversy involving a liberal misuse of military phraseology. It could have been no part of that plan to "wedge" an inferior force between opposing armies greatly superior in the aggregate, or to seek by manoeuvring to separate the Allies and deal with them separately. As Mr. Ropes states—"What he did expect was to encounter one of these armies, that commanded by Marshal Blücher, alone and unsupported by its ally."

There are few certainties in war; but Napoleon had before him the strong probability that Blücher would stand and fight whether Wellington's scattered command could support him or not. The result proved this plan to be absolutely correct; but the tardy proceedings of Ney on the 15th of June, and the wanderings of d'Erlon on the 16th, effectually prevented Napoleon from reaping the full fruit of his accurate strategic foresight. It is not now possible to measure the exact relative responsibilities of Napoleon, Soult, and Ney himself for this failure; but Mr. Ropes treats the question with much ability. If, as Napoleon and Soult asserted, a verbal order was given to Ney on the 15th to push on to Quatre Bras, it is clear that this order was disobeyed. And, as the author rightly insists, the fact that the official bulletin dispatched from Charleroi to Paris stated that Ney was at Quatre Bras on the morning of that day is strong evidence that the order was actually given. The neglect to occupy this particular point was, however, of far less importance in relation to the fighting of the 16th than the general retardation of the advance of Ney's command. The backward state of Wellington's preparations, and the evident confusion which existed among the staff as to the positions of his troops, compensated the French for the neglect to seize Quatre Bras; but Ney's delay, however arising, enabled Wellington to confer with Blücher in the early afternoon, and later to hold a large French force in check, while the battle of Ligny was deferred for several hours, and Napoleon's intended turning movement miscarried. Nevertheless, the net results of the campaign up to the 16th were "that one of the allied armies had been badly beaten, and that Napoleon was perfectly free to attack the other the next day with superior forces, most of which consisted of fresh troops." Swiftly the scene changed. Wellington skilfully withdrew his force along the Brussels highway to Waterloo; Blücher fell back by country roads on Wavre, some eight miles distant from the left of the Anglo-Dutch line of battle; Napoleon directed the mass of his army against Wellington, detaching Grouchy with 33,000 men, to follow and hold Blücher. Why the French cavalry lost touch of the Prussians, and why Grouchy failed to bring any aid, direct or indirect, to Napoleon on the memorable 18th June, are questions on which Mr. Ropes' readers will be able to form an opinion. Whether or no Grouchy's instructions were sufficiently explicit, it is clear from the Bertrand letter, written shortly after noon on the 17th, that Napoleon contemplated the possibility of what was then actually occurring. The text of this letter—"It is important to penetrate what the enemy is intending to do, whether they are separating themselves from the English or whether they are intending still to unite, to cover Brussels or Liège, in trying the fate of another battle"—admits of no other meaning. A competent general with the free hand accorded to Grouchy, learning at daybreak on the 18th the direction of the Prussian retreat, would have known how to act, or would at least have marched to the sound of the guns of Waterloo, as Gérard ineffectually urged, and as Marbot shows that Napoleon expected. The result of such a movement, even

if not so decisive as the author holds, would have changed the whole aspect of the battle. In accepting the evidence which Colonel Maurice has brought forward as to a secret visit paid by Wellington to Wavre on the night of the 17th, Mr. Ropes under-estimates the inherent improbabilities. The story, which originated some years after Waterloo, was contradicted by Lord Ellesmere and may easily have arisen from some misunderstanding. That Wellington, on whom next day the fate of an army would depend, should have started with a solitary dragoon to ride twelve miles in the darkness over bad roads, which French cavalry might already have reached, and that no British or Prussian officer should have recorded the fact, passes all reasonable belief.

The early Waterloo myths have been swept away. The decisive action of Blücher can no longer be dismissed, as in Pinnock's "Goldsmith," with the words—"When night approached, the heads of the Prussian columns were seen advancing to share in the combat." We have learned that, in Chesney's words, "The fiercest of all modern leaders of war was on the ground with part of his army at half-past four, was hotly engaged with Napoleon's reserves three hours before dark, and had brought 50,000 fine troops into action at the time of Wellington's grand charge." The admirable qualities displayed by the British troops, and the consummate skill with which they were handled in the retreat from Quatre Bras and on the field of Waterloo, have naturally obscured the grave strategic errors by which the campaign was endangered. Blücher's decision to stand and fight at Ligny would have been unexceptionable had his allies been prepared for the concentration which appears to have been agreed upon on the 3rd of May. But Wellington's arrangements for obtaining information of the French movements were defective in the extreme and his troops needlessly scattered. Imbued with the idea that his right flank was threatened, he delayed action on the 15th of June, and his orders issued between 5 and 7 p.m. indicated merely a concentration at Nivelles, some seven miles to the west of Quatre Bras. To the young Prince Bernard of Saxe-Weimar is due the credit—shared by Rebecque and Perponcher—of recognising the importance of occupying the latter point. The baneful effects of Wellington's *idée fixe* were felt even at Waterloo in the useless detachment of a large portion of his command. The great general, in spite of his supreme tactical ability, failed, both on the 16th and the 18th of June, to concentrate his strength at the decisive point. To Gneisenau's decision to retire on Wavre and to Blücher's burning zeal in pressing forward his willing troops on the morning of the 18th is primarily due the history of Waterloo.

LORD DE TABLEY'S POETRY.

POEMS, DRAMATIC AND LYRICAL. By John Leicester Warren, Lord De Tabley. With illustrations by C. S. Ricketts. London: Mathews & Lane.

GOOD poetry, like ill deeds, "will rise" one day or another, be the public as blind as Bartimæus, or, a less likely contingency, however persistently the author strives to hide his light under bushels. Unlike the more recent self-advertising "new poet," Lord De Tabley has been content to cast his bread upon the waters and go his way. After many days, many years in fact, it returns to him. In the interim he has been known as an authority on book-plates! And Lord De Tabley seems to have kept it even from his friends that he was a poet. But a few remembered his early volumes, remembered that his classical drama of "Philoctetes" was once named in the same day with Mr. Swinburne's "Atalanta," and that it deserved the compliment; also remembered the stern power of "Jael" and other dramatic pieces, as well as the charm of certain love lyrics in the half-dozen volumes which make Lord De Tabley's chief poetic baggage—"Praeterita," 1863; "Eclogues

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nd Monodramas," 1864; "Studies in Verse," 1865; "Orestes," 1867; "Rehearsals," 1870; "Searching the Net," 1873. Some, too, had read through that bulky romantic tragedy, "The Soldier of Fortune" (1876)—only less corpulent than "Bothwell"—and pronounced it its author's finest work. But these readers were comparatively few, and probably for the majority the first intimation of Lord De Tabley's existence as a poet was given by Mr. A. H. Miles in that all-including anthology of his, "The Poets and Poetry of the Century." No minnow that sports itself in the *mare vastum* of modern verse is safe from Mr. Miles. His net draws up alike Leviathan from the deep and the jack-sharp from the pond. This imagery is not intended to apply to Lord De Tabley. Though he has contrived so long to escape the net of fame, he is far from being a minnow. He must certainly find a place among the first half-dozen of our living poets.

The volume of selections which Messrs. Elkin Mathews and John Lane have just published in a style worthy of their reputation as "publishers and vendors of choice editions in *belles lettres*," though it by no means reaps clean the old volumes, is admirably representative of the various sides of Lord De Tabley's talent. Lord De Tabley does so many things well that it is a little hard to say which is most characteristic of him. For he is not like some smaller poets who gain a reputation for a style of their own by being monopolists rather of one theme—poets of the sea, of the fields, of the town—it may be. There is no quicker way to literary recognition than to run in one groove. Unless you are very great it is fatal to be universal in your sympathies. For the present not versatility, but monotony is the fashion. The one-stringed lyre, the one-storied novelist catch the ear of the public by skirling on one note like bagpipe-players. It is the era of long runs both off and on the stage.

Lord De Tabley perpetuates the more fruitful tradition of a time when the poet, like the player, was expected to play many parts. It is impossible to pin him down to one unvarying habit of style. He very properly suits his manner to his mood, now stern and unadorned, now rippling over with tender prodigal fancies; but, whatever the mood, the manner is always stamped with authority. Ambitious strength and an uncommon fertility of invention are the two impressions chiefly left us by Lord De Tabley's volume. The mere essaying of such themes as "Phaëthon," "Jael," "Nimrod," "Pandora," "Zeus" alone bespeaks a courage rare among our latter-day poets, who shrink more and more from themes smelling of epic or drama—themes that demand toilsome conception or patient construction. It is obviously impossible to adequately illustrate the strength of dramatic studies by quotation. The chorus to Zeus perhaps lends itself best to such purpose, and this passage may be taken as an example of Lord De Tabley's style at its strongest:—

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"Who shall ascend unto thine iron eyes,
Who shall make moan or prayer that may prevail?
For thou art satiate with so many sighs,
I do not think, O Zeus, thou wilt arise,
Fed with delight and all sweet dream and thought,
Thou wilt not rise supreme
In thy beatitude;
For fleeting love is naught,
And human gratitude
In thy cold, splendid cloud must tremble to intrude.
Let us go up and look him in the face,
We are but as he made us; the disgrace
Of this, our imperfection, is his own.
And unabashed in that fierce glare and blaze,
Front him and say,
'We come not to atone,
To cringe and moan:
God, vindicate thy way.
Erase the staining sorrow we have known,
Thou, whom ill things obey;
And give our clay
Some master bliss imperial as thine own;
Or wipe us quite away,
Far from the ray of thine eternal throne.

Dream not, we love this sorrow of our breath;
Hope not, we wince or palpitate at death;
Slay us, for thine is nature and thy slave;
Draw down her clouds to be her sacrifice,
And heap unmeasured mountain for our grave,
With peaks of fire and ice.
Flicker one cord of lightning, north to south,
And mix in awful glories wood and cloud;
We shall have rest, and find
Illimitable darkness for our shroud;
We shall have peace, then, surely, when thy mouth
Breathes us away into the darkness blind,
Then only kind."

In suggestive contrast to the Olympian sweep of this passage, the stern, ungarnished cry of man against the gods, is this sumptuous, pre-Raphaelite picture of a tapestry in Circe's chamber:—

"reared across a loom,
Hung a fair web of tapestry half done,
Crowding with folds and fancies half the room:
Men eyed as gods and damsels still as stone,
Pressing their brows alone,
In amethystine robes,
Or reaching at the polished orchard globes,
Or rubbing parted love-lips on their rind,
While the wind
Sows with sere apple leaves their breast and hair.
And all the margin there
Was arabesqued and bordered intricate
With hairy spider things
That catch and clamber.
And salamander in his dripping cave
Satanic ebon-amber;
Blind worm, and asp, and oft of cumbrous gait,
And toads who love rank grasses near a grave,
And the great goblin moth, who bears
Between his wings the ruined eyes of death;
And the enamelled sails
Of butterflies, who watch the morning's breath.
And many an emerald lizard with quick ears
Asleep in rocky dales;
And for an outer fringe embroidered small,
A ring of many locusts, horny-coated;
A round of chirping tree frogs merry-throated,
And sly, fat fishes sailing, watching all."

To unite so curious an eye for detail with so full an inspiration is a mark of exceptional power, and Lord De Tabley's gift of careful observation is especially marked in the many beautiful nature pictures scattered through his poems. He, like Lord Tennyson, might also have astonished Mrs. Gaskell's farmer. Of his lyrics we must find space for two characteristically contrasted examples. The first is a love-lyric entitled "Be Wise in Time":—

"Dispose thy loves in realms of mellow flowers;
Truth is not fooled to make his stay with thee.
Thy faith is but the burnish of the hours,
And Freedom is a nobler thing than love.
So let me be
Free as the cloud or river to remove.
"Bud of the rose, with bright, untruthful eyes,
Time, once thy slave, shall be thy master soon,
To quench the music of thy dove replies,
Gentle as sleep; and jar to barren string
The tender tune
Thy lips could murmur like the glades of spring.
"Be not a siren throned upon the dust
Of the dead victims of thy love desire.
Exchange thy tinsel oaths for honest trust:
Be rock not wave. For Fate has heard of days
To taint and tire
The sweetest blossom of the meadow ways."

All Lord De Tabley's love-lyrics are thus a little bitter with disillusion. He is perhaps a sad, though not a pessimistic, poet. Not pessimism like that of our own day, or that of the Greek amorists, but the more noble fatalism of the Stoic: a melancholy sense of the cruel power of the gods, and the fleeting, ineffectual life of man—saved, however, from despair by the self-respect of true manhood, by the delighted contemplation of that beauty of the world which makes it, in spite of all, a wonderful dwelling-place. A hearty relish for existence while it is ours is, need one say, quite compatible with this attitude, and in proof of Lord De Tabley's robust English temper his stirring "Dithyramb" in praise of English ale is *apropos*:—

"Sunbright ale is royal food,
Jarring cups disloyal feud.
I will cheer my soaking mood
Till the orchards reel.
"Brews good ale is no dispraise
To our green or grizzled days;
He who sets his cheek in wine
Vassals not despair.
"He who sets his lips in ale
Keeps his legs where many fail,
Takes his fortunes at their best—
Foul or fickle-fair.
"Merry sets his mellow life,
Who, when rusty shocks are rife,
Whistles off his weary load
Wearing to each year.
"Sours he not with friendship's treason,
Or some sweet love strange in season,
Ripe in manhood, ripe in heart,
Whole and sound and clear."

In a forgotten depreciation of that manly liquor,
Cleveland solemnly cursed the poet who should con-
descend to ale:—

"May Bards that drink thee write a small,
Unsubstanc'd line pedantical."

We hope we have given the reader some idea of
how far Lord De Tabley is from inheriting the curse.

THE KINDERGARTEN.

FROEBEL: AND EDUCATION BY SELF-ACTIVITY. By H.
Courthope Bowen, M.A. ("Great Educators.") London:
William Heinemann.

THE STUDENT'S FROEBEL. By W. H. Herford. London:
Isbister & Co., Limited.

WITH that comprehensiveness of view which was only possible to a thinker with the limited horizon of the Hellenic world the two greatest philosophers of Greece devised the outline of a complete system of education beginning with infancy and lasting to the very end of life. The hints that both of them threw out as to the earliest stage of this training—the precept that the education of young children should take place mainly through organised play and physical exercise, the truth that real education is essentially a development and guidance of the natural and innate powers of the child—were never revived till the present century, and then were reached independently. The tradition of the Renaissance, as Mr. Courthope Bowen excellently says in the first of the works before us, was that the child was uninteresting till he was "put to his book." It is to this tradition of book-learning as the sole means of instruction, to this confusion of instruction with the real education of which it is only a part, that much of the dislike attaching to "educationists" in the Philistine mind is largely due.

We have no desire here to repeat the truths which have become truisms: that education is not instruction, that you cannot educate to a given pattern, and that in the formation of character the earliest years are often the most important of all. The way in which these truths are practically worked out may be learnt from the volumes before us. The first is by a well-known promoter of the science of education, based to some extent on lectures delivered by him to Kindergarten teachers. Here and there perhaps it is a little technical, with the new technicality of the professional educationist; but it is interesting and attractive, not merely for its excellent sketch of Froebel's life and career and the principles of his teaching, but for its exhibition of that real sympathy with child-life which the author possesses in hardly less measure than Froebel himself. Like all great educators, Froebel's plan was to draw out and direct, not to put in; to begin with the concrete, rather than the abstract; with development and suggestion, rather than dogma and discipline. Above all, he based his practice on psychology. As Mr. Bowen says, the advance of science may lead in future to some modification of the practice. But "if ever the practice ceases to be the distinct

expression of the psychology, the plan will cease to be Froebel's."

The Kindergarten, we believe, plays a considerable part in the scheme of advanced reformers of society. It is reassuring to learn here that its object is to develop self-activity, individuality, creativeness, variety of life. Now that some prophets—pace a recent correspondent of THE SPEAKER—threaten us with a dull monotony in human character, we may at least point to the aims of educational reformers as distinctly directed to an opposite end. At the same time, one or two uncomfortable suspicions strike the critic. Do not Froebel and Mr. Bowen begin rather too low down in the scale of intelligence? One is inclined to think that any tolerably bright child would despise a good many of the "gifts" essential to the scheme, because he would have picked up for himself the ideas they are meant to give. And almost any regular exercise must in the nature of things become more or less mechanical and mentally automatic. Far more depends on the teacher than on any amount of system and rule. Froebel himself, after all, was self-educated. His school instruction was a very haphazard process; his real training was in the forest and the field. We cannot believe that the days of haphazard education are over, or that the brilliant results which it occasionally secures will be obtained by any set scheme, however scientifically organised and thoroughly carried out. This, however, is not an argument against the promotion of such schemes; but only against too absolute dependence on them.

Froebelian literature is extensive, especially on the other side of the Atlantic; and Mr. Bowen appends a useful though avowedly a very limited bibliography. We do not suppose there is much scope for originality in this sort of book; but it may be read with pleasure by others than educationists as an effective and attractive presentation of the theory and practice of the Kindergarten.

In many ways it is better to study an author in the original text than to read the very best of biographies or commentaries. At any rate, the latter process always requires to be supplemented by the former. Mr. W. H. Herford has provided the means for it in this case by an adaptation of extracts from Froebel's "Menschenziehung," with connecting links chiefly abridged from the same work, and with a short biography which is somewhat Carlylese in style. The translation seems to be into simple, attractive English, and we may safely recommend it as a supplement to Mr. Bowen's book.

BIBLIOPHILY IN EXCELSIS.

THE GREAT BOOK COLLECTORS. By Charles and Mary Elton. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.

THIS is a delightful book. The subject is full of interest, and is discoursed upon with all the sympathy, knowledge, and learning of true bibliophiles. The only complaint we have to make of it is that it is too short. The history of the libraries of the world is a subject befitting stately tomes, and the present sketch, compressed as it is into 228 octavo pages, is only enough to whet the appetite of the reader for more. The authors take up their parable with the classical times, and bring their record down to the modern fortunes of the Althorp Library. Happily they have as great a contempt for bibliomaniacs as Seneca, who regarded with disdain "idle book hunters who know about nothing but titles and bindings: their chests of cedar and ivory, and the book cases which fill the book-room, are nothing but fashionable furniture, and have nothing to do with learning," and have confined their attention only to collectors who have loved books for the sake of their contents as well as of their bindings and trappings. At the head of the list of such men stands Aristotle, who owned the first private library of which we know anything. After his death, as all the world is aware, his books

were scattered abroad, a large portion of them being bought by the Ptolemies for their Alexandrian library; one of them doubtless being the original of the unique copy of his "Constitution of Athens," which has lately been transferred from an Egyptian tomb to the manuscript department of the British Museum.

Like all learning, the love of books travelled Westward, and in the sixth century reached the shores of Ireland, which has the honour of being the country where the "Kildare Gospels," the "Book of the Battle," and other well-known works, first saw the light. With the Norman Conquest the horizon of literature in the British Isles was widened. Theology no longer reigned quite supreme, and, as Dr. Stubbs has told us, England in the twelfth century was the paradise of scholars. Canterbury, Winchester, and Lincoln were great literary centres; while in the monasteries great activity prevailed in the cause of learning. "Manuscripts were copied; luxurious editions were recopied and illuminated; there was no lack of generosity in lending or of boldness in borrowing; there was brisk competition and open rivalry."

By degrees, however, learning gravitated towards the University of Oxford, where the Dominican and Franciscan friars took up their abode. It is true that St. Francis set his face steadfastly against literature, and held that a brother should be possessed of nothing but a frock and, "if indispensable, a pair of shoes." But the craving for literature, having once been excited, was not to be appeased by the Saint's dictum, and shortly afterwards the presentation to Trinity College of the books collected by Richard de Bury established a precedent which, in after-years, was to be followed by the foundation of the Bodleian Library. The immediate effect of his munificent gift was to encourage others to do likewise. Bishop Cobham, Humphrey Duke of Gloucester, and a host of others added their stores of learning to the common fund. To provide for the administration of his contribution, Bishop Cobham ordered that some of the best of his books should be sold to raise the sum of £40, which, in those halcyon days, was sufficient to provide an income of £3 per annum, and which, in its turn, was enough to support a librarian. So great was the desire to make use of these collections that it was found necessary to exclude "the noisy rabble," and to grant admittance only to graduates of eight years' standing. Richard de Bury had foreseen this difficulty, and had drawn a vivid picture of the dangers to which books may be exposed. "The student," he wrote, "would treat a book as roughly as if it were a pair of shoes, would stick in straws to keep his place, or stuff it with violets and rose-leaves, and would very likely eat fruit or cheese over one page and set a cup of ale on the other. An impudent boy would scribble across the text, the copyist would try his pen on a blank space, a scullion would turn the leaves with unwashed hands, or a thief may cut out the fly-leaves and margins to use in writing his letters; and," adds Richard, and most people will agree with him, "all these various negligences are wonderfully injurious to books."

Unhappily, during the riots in the time of the Protector Somerset, these precious libraries were destroyed, and only stray volumes were saved from the flames. So nearly complete was the destruction that only eight works from the magnificent collection of Duke Humphrey are now known to exist; and for a time little was heard of the taste for acquiring books. Towards the end of the sixteenth century, however, the fortunes of literature in England revived. It was then that the notable libraries collected by Sir Robert Cotton and Sir Thomas Bodley took shape. As is well known, Sir Robert Cotton's object in gathering together records was to possess materials for writing a history of England, and so copious was his store of these documents that the secretaries of the Council were often glad to borrow back valuable originals from

the library, or, as Fuller put it, "the fountains were fain to fetch water from the stream." Unfortunately, that element which has been so fatal to literature brought his library also to ruin. In 1731 a fire broke out in Ashburnham House, in which the volumes were housed, and though every effort was made to save the books a larger proportion of them perished. Happily the remainder are now secure within the walls of the British Museum, whither they were carried in 1753, in the congenial company of Lord Oxford's pamphlets and Sir Hans Sloane's Museum. A kinder fortune attended the library brought together by Bodley, who, as he tells us, "concluded at the last to set up his staff at the library door at Oxford." Within certain restrictions, as now, the books were made available to students; only graduates were admitted; and an oath was demanded of them that they would not "raze, deface, cut, annotate, slur, or mangle the books." Of the library at the present time we need not say more than that it is the crowning glory of Oxford.

A century before the time of which we have been speaking, France gave birth to that "prince of collectors," Jean Grolier, whose books are now regarded by such bibliophiles as are fortunate enough to possess specimens as among the choicest treasures in their libraries. As the authors tell us, Grolier "loved his books not only for what they taught, but also as specimens of typographical and artistic decoration." The bindings were all best examples of the Italian art, and he chose only such copies as were well printed on the finest paper. They looked, as Bonaventura d'Argonne said of them, "as if the Muses had taken the outside into their charge, as well as the contents—they were adorned with such art and *esprit*, and looked so gay, with a delicate gilding, quite unknown to the bookbinders of our time."

It is with a feeling of regret that we close the volume in which these and other collections are so sympathetically described. It is out of the fulness of the heart that the authors have spoken on a subject so congenial to them, and we are only sorry that want of space has compelled them to omit mention of certain libraries and their owners which in a larger work would have been entitled to mention and comment at their hands.

FICTION.

PARSON JONES. A Novel. Three Vols. By Florence Marryat. London: Griffith, Farran & Co.

A CHANGE OF AIR. By Anthony Hope, Author of "Mr. Witt's Widow." London: Methuen & Co.

MANY INVENTIONS. By Rudyard Kipling. London: Macmillan & Co.

MISS MARRYAT announces on the title-page of "Parson Jones" that it is a novel in three volumes. We trust she will not think us unkind for suggesting that it would have been better if it had been in one volume only. It is a good story, with an excellent motive, and some capital character-sketching; but the plot, which might have carried the reader easily through a single volume, is spun out to such an excessive degree of tenuity that it cannot sustain the interest of the average person. Parson Jones is a Welsh clergyman, who is worshipped by his mother and adored by the wife he had married to please that mother. All the domestic virtues are personified in him, and he is really an excellent man, of high principles and sound common-sense. All this notwithstanding, when a beautiful young lady, bereft of her mother and deserted by her father, comes to stay in the village, he loses his heart to her in a quite irregular and unorthodox fashion. Hence much misery for the parson, though not, apparently, for anybody else, seeing that his family and friends have placed him on too lofty a pedestal to conceive it possible that he should fall into error of this kind. It all comes right in the end. The parson never

tells his love, but is instrumental in restoring the heroine, not only to the rather fatuous young man who had won her affections, but to the father who had cast her off, apparently under a misunderstanding. The lack of incident in the narrative is made up by the length of the discussions on questions of theology in which Parson Jones and his friends indulge. We prefer our fiction without this blend of orthodoxy and heterodoxy, but there are those who like it, and they will doubtless find "Parson Jones" to their taste.

There is a certain air of distinction and promise about all Mr. Anthony Hope's writings, and it is not lacking in "A Change of Air." We feel that we are face to face with a writer who not only has brains, but who knows how to use them. There is a reserve of strength which, though hidden, is not unfelt. All that he does has meaning and purpose, and a second reading of one of his stories will reveal new lights not visible at a first perusal. All this means that Mr. Anthony Hope is a very able writer, about whose works there is an intellectual flavour too rare in modern fiction. In the present story he tells of the fortunes of a party of Bohemians who have invaded a respectable country town in search of change of air and scene, and whose manners and customs are quickly thrown into glaring contrast with those of the natives. The chief of the Bohemians, and the hero of the book, is one Dale Bannister; and so admirably is he sketched that if he be not a direct study from life, he comes very near to being a direct inspiration of genius. Though still a young man, he has awoke to find himself famous. Everybody is talking of his poetry, for the privilege of printing which editors eagerly compete. He can command his own terms, and riches pour in upon him at the touch of his pen. But there is a fly in the ointment of his prosperity. When he was no better off than his companion Bohemians, fighting the battle of life in a tiny flat in Chelsea, he had spoken out with the fearless unreserve of youth, and had condemned every institution, human and divine, with ingenuous impartiality. Then he was Bannister the Republican, the Atheist, the Socialist, the enemy of the marriage-laws, and everything else that a young man drunk with the exuberance of his imagination can be. But at Market Denborough, where he has pitched his Bohemian camp, and where even county society is not unconscious of his fame, he wishes to become a new man. There is a charming girl, the daughter of the squire, who admires his genius but loathes his principles. For her sake he would fain become reconciled with the world and the Church, but there are obstacles in the way. There is, first of all, pretty Nellie Fane, whose mother had befriended him in his poverty and obscurity, and who has long regarded him as her destined lover and husband. It is not altogether easy to convince the representatives of provincial propriety that the presence of Nellie and her mother under Bannister's bachelor-roof is not a breach of conventional decorum. This is obstacle the first, and it takes a mighty deal of trouble, and something near akin to a tragedy, to remove it from Bannister's path in his advance towards social reputation. Obstacle the second is of a different kind. There is a poor, half-crazy young doctor in Denborough who had worshipped both the genius and the sentiments of Dale Bannister long before the latter had made his appearance in the little town. To him Bannister is not merely a poet but an apostle. When he sees that his hero is deserting the path of revolution, he makes frantic efforts to turn him from his course, and finally, after causing a commotion which nearly upsets the poet's cherished plans, loses his senses altogether, and perishes in the tragedy which nearly consumed Nellie Fane also. These are the bare bones of the story, but Mr. Hope clothes them delightfully. There is a fine flavour of life and reality in the conversations between the poet and his friends. County society in such a place as Market Den-

borough is characterised without being caricatured, and the various phases through which the hero's mind passes are described with real power and insight. He is not a perfect man; but what poet ever was? It is more to the purpose that he is real flesh and blood, with an individuality of his own, and a power of attraction that is felt not merely by his friends in the story, but by those who only become acquainted with him through its pages.

There are some things in "Many Inventions" equal to anything Mr. Kipling has ever written. There are others which are little better than a form of glorified pot-boiler. Still, the good predominates distinctly over the indifferent in this volume, and there are a thousand things in it which no living writer but Mr. Kipling could have given us. "My Lord the Elephant," "His Private Honour," and "Love-o'-Women" are equal to any of the previous recitals of the great Mulvaney. Mr. Kipling is the true historian of the British soldier, and these incidental pictures of barrack-life in India are one and all hall-marked with genius. Of the other stories, such as "In the Rukh" and "Badalia Herodsfoot," it is enough to say that they fill the reader with admiration of the extraordinary freshness and exuberance of the author's mind, of the quickness of his insight into the very heart of things, and of the abounding sympathy—one of the true tests of genius—which enables him, as it were, to assimilate the characters of the creatures of his invention. But perhaps the strongest thing in the book, as a mere example of Mr. Kipling's intellectual powers, is the letter from Shafiz Ullah Khan in London to Kazi Tamal-ud-Din in India. It simply gives the writer's view of things and events in England, and the ordinary reader may pass it by as merely another effort on the part of a European to write like an Oriental. But no one who knows anything of the Eastern mind will treat it thus lightly, for here we have, as in a glass, the reflection of the true Oriental, and there is an impress of truth upon every line of the narrative which shows that Mr. Kipling has mastered the secrets of the East as well as those of the West. True, it is not altogether pleasant reading for some amongst us; but, if not pleasant, it is distinctly wholesome, and it would not be a bad thing if those reformers amongst us who are so anxious to apply Western ideas to Eastern life were to commit the epistle of Shafiz Ullah Khan to memory before they next propose abstract resolutions on intricate questions of Indian Government in the House of Commons.

COLONIAL CURRENCIES.

A HISTORY OF CURRENCY IN THE BRITISH COLONIES. By Robert Chalmers, B.A., Oriel College, and of H.M.'s Treasury. Printed for the Stationery Office by Messrs. Eyre & Spottiswoode.

MR. ROBERT CHALMERS, of the Treasury, has published a most valuable work on colonial currency. He has traced with infinite labour the history of all the variations of currency, including notes, in each of the colonies. If the book has a fault, it is the excellent official fault of being too full and too detailed. Every merchant trading with the colonies, every historical student, and everyone interested in the Currency Question, will find a great deal to interest him in this book. Many people who talk glibly about the Latin Union, and the law of Vendémiaire in the year XI., know nothing of the curious and valuable experiments which have been tried within the British Empire, either from Downing Street or by the local rulers. At the present time there are ten varieties of standard within the British Empire. The Cape, Natal, Fiji, and St. Helena have the sterling standard, with a 40s. legal limit for silver. In Australasia the 40s. limit is enforced by custom, not by law. In Malta the limit is £5. The West Indian Islands, British Guiana, the Falkland Islands, and the West African Colonies (as well, we may add, as many non-British parts of the African interior where Britons trade) have the sterling standard, but without any limit upon the amount for which the token silver is legal tender. They may almost be said to have a gold standard without a gold coinage. Canada has the United States gold dollar. Newfoundland a gold dollar of its own. Gibraltar has the coinage of Spain, Hong Kong has the Mexican, and Honduras has the Guatemalan dollar. India, as the Civil Servant knows, has its rupee. Though Mr. Chalmers does not give much of his space to India, his account of the system in vogue in the West Indies should help us to understand the

report of Lord Herschell's Committee. And the account which he has gathered from official sources of the effect of the Australian gold discoveries in the various smaller colonies is of the highest economic value. Altogether, an excellent book. The pity is that Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode have printed it on transparent paper and bound it in a very ugly cover.

ALMOST POLITICS.

EPOCHS OF AMERICAN HISTORY: FORMATION OF THE UNION, 1750-1829. By Albert Bushnell Hart, M.D.—DIVISION AND REUNION, 1829-1889. By Woodrow Wilson, Ph.D., LL.D. London: Longmans, Green & Co.

HAPPY, in some respects, is the nation that has only a recent history. At any rate, all the teaching its children receive on the subject has a tolerably direct bearing on the political life they will live as adults. These two little volumes are very small, very full, and very clear. They are meant as school books, and contain excellent suggestions to teachers for their better use; but they may well be read or used as handy books, or rather indices, of reference by all who are interested in the history of the American Union. They are too full, however, and too uniformly good, to permit of any reference to special passages without exceeding the limits of our space. But we are struck by the excellence of their treatment of economic and constitutional questions, like the United States' Bank and the Fugitive Slave Law. Mr. Wilson is remarkably fair to the South and to slavery; and, indeed, the only quarrel we have with him is that we are puzzled momentarily by his calling the battles of Bull Run and the Chickahominy, Manassas, and Fair Oaks respectively. But we suppose this is our insular ignorance. If "history is past politics and politics present history," as Mr. Freeman and the Johns Hopkins' Studies have it, much of these volumes, at any rate, is on the boundary line. We do not deny the enormous importance of the organic growth of a Constitution, but we cannot help thinking that the working of that Constitution in its more recent developments is of considerable importance too. After all, when one gets back twenty or thirty years from the present time, one's political passions are less easily aroused by the study of what has become a closed chapter in the history of the nation. Could not some enterprising publisher bring out the same kind of history for English schoolboys—say from the Battle of Waterloo to the General Election of 1865, or still better, of 1885?

FOR INTENDING EMIGRANTS.

SUNNY MANITOBA. By Alfred O. Legge. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

WE have all heard so much of late years about the seamy side of life in a new country—in contrast to the roseate pictures with which we used to be favoured some twenty or thirty years ago—that it is really refreshing to meet with a book which deals fairly and impartially with the lot of settlers in the province which has lately been among the best-praised and the best-abused portions of the British Empire. Mr. Legge is not himself a settler in Manitoba, but he has apparently two sons settled in the province, and he has resided there, and his judgment has the value that always attaches to that of a tolerably disinterested spectator who has had time to correct his first impressions. Writing without much literary art, he has managed to produce a distinctly attractive picture of the country, and to bring out both its merits and its defects as a field for emigration. Those who can make a livelihood at home had better not go there at all, and the absolutely unfit—the "remittance farmers," supported by presents from their unwilling relatives at home—are not only futile in themselves, but a positive curse to their neighbours. On the other hand, the skilled agricultural labourer, or the educated man with a couple of hundred pounds or more who can rough it and will work, has a tolerably sure prospect of comfort and modest wealth. He must not put his trust in grain alone—exceptional and may give sixty bushels of wheat to the acre, but the normal yield is only twenty or so—but must devote himself to mixed farming, for which there is plenty of opening. He must raise cattle and attend to dairying; he may think about sugar-maple and sugar-beet; he may well pay attention to timber planting; and, for his personal use at any rate, he can be sure of plenty of vegetables and fruit. The depth of the frost-line in the soil secures unfailing moisture for his grain; gophers and grasshoppers do not come in normal years; he is more secure against blizzards and drought than if he were in Dakota; and there is plenty of water to be got by artesian wells, though this is a matter rather for the Government than for private enterprise. Much of the land near the railway line is not attractive in itself, and is held by syndicates, whose prices are high, and immigrants had best be on their guard against the wiles of the land agent. The author gives attractive descriptions of the scenery, though he is not insensible to the dulness of part of the prairie as seen from the railway; and, on the whole, seems eminently fair. Manitoba, from his description, is not a place to make one's fortune in, but it is a place where those who care for a comfortable, hard-working, independent, and not too intellectual life

may find it attainable after some exertion at small pecuniary cost. We strongly advise intending emigrants to read his book, and the general reader will find it full of interest.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.*

PORT ROYAL is scarcely a place of pilgrimage to-day, although it lies on a famous high-road, and is only eight miles away from Versailles. The famous monastery, with its memories of Saint-Cyran, Antoine Arnauld, the Mère Angélique, Blaise Pascal, and others of a once despised community, is now a desolate ruin, and the aspect of the place is forlorn. In the seventeenth century "Jansenist" was a term of reproach, and it was applied to the Port Royalists, we are reminded in these pages, by their adversaries, because they defended the religious opinions which Cornelius Jansen, Bishop of Ypres, bequeathed to the world in his epoch-making book, "The Augustinus." The first edition of the great theological treatise which awakened the wrath of the Jesuits was published at Louvain in 1640, two years after its author had fallen at the post of duty, a victim to the plague. The book met with a hostile reception, and the controversy which it aroused at the Sorbonne, the Court of Versailles, and the Vatican was, in fact, but a "revival of the old dispute of the fifth century between Augustine and Pelagius." Jansen and his friend, Jean Duvergier, Abbé de Saint-Cyran—in some respects an even more remarkable man—repudiated the doctrine of justification by works, and sought to lead the Catholic Church out of the bewildering mazes of error created by the subtle distinctions and plausible sophistries of the schoolmen. The community at Port Royal suffered grievous persecution, but it nourished saintly men and women, far removed in spirit and mode of life from the priests and nuns who found favour in the eyes of Cardinal Richelieu. Many of the most characteristic sayings of the "French Jansenists" are recorded in this volume—and they are weighty and profound. The biographical sketches which accompany these aphorisms are of singular interest, and reveal—often quite artlessly—the noble principles by which Saint-Cyran and his associates were actuated, the meek fidelity to conscience which they displayed, and the genius, learning, and purity which marked their lives, and which have shed a lustre, in the modern world, around the memory of Port Royal.

It is now a good many years since a remarkable little volume of addresses and sermons appeared bearing the title of "Village Politics," and since then the Rev. C. W. Stubbs, by his University sermons at Oxford and Cambridge, as well as by the quality of his work as a parish clergyman in Liverpool, has become widely known in thoughtful circles. The present volume, "Christ and Economics," is a singularly wise and courageous attempt to grapple with the social problems of the age in the light of the Sermon on the Mount, which is regarded in these pages not as a code of maxims, but as a well-spring of spiritual motive. Everywhere Mr. Stubbs displays independence of judgment, breadth of sympathy, and unusual acquaintance with the social needs and perils of the hour. He takes up his parable against unthoughtful charity, the sin of usury, industrial war, culpable luxury, and pleads for a larger view of civic duty and personal responsibility. He thinks that if we in England had only half the patriotic spirit of ancient Rome or Athens there would be an embarrassment of riches to-morrow for all civic purposes which money can serve, and he does well to lay stress on the fact that wealth does not release the rich man from his obligation to work, but only enables him to do unpaid work for society. He quotes a great saying which occurs in the "Vision of Piers Plowman": "Jesus Christ of Heaven in poor man's apparel pursueth us ever," and because of that fact he has no doubt whatever of the social elevation of the people. In the kingship of Christ, it is urged, lies a rational basis for faith in social progress. We have seldom met with a book which gives a more lofty view of what may be termed applied Christianity. These vigorous, closely reasoned, though sometimes impassioned addresses cover a wide field of inquiry, and do so with conspicuous ability as well as with manly vigour and straightforwardness.

More than forty years have passed away since the late Mr.

* FRENCH JANSENISTS. By Marguerite Tollemache, the Author of "Many Voices" and "Spanish Mystics." London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. Demy 8vo.

CHRIST AND ECONOMICS IN THE LIGHT OF THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT. By Charles William Stubbs, M.A., Author of "Christ and Democracy," etc. London: Isbister & Co. Crown 8vo.

PRACTICAL FLY-FISHING FOUNDED ON NATURE. By John Beever. A New Edition, with a Memoir of the Author, by W. G. Collingwood, M.A., Author of "The Life and Work of John Ruskin," etc. London: Methuen & Co. Crown 8vo.

SOME LEGENDARY LANDMARKS OF AFRICA. By Mrs. Frank Evans. London, Paris, and Melbourne: Cassell & Co. Demy 8vo.

ARABIAN'S ANABASIS OF ALEXANDER AND INDICA. Translated, with a Copious Commentary, by Edward James Chinnock, M.A., LL.D. London and New York: George Bell & Sons. Crown 8vo. (6s.)

BARRETT'S ILLUSTRATED GUIDES TO THE EASTERN COUNTIES. Nos. 3, 4 and 5. Illustrated. London: Lawrence & Bullen. Crown 8vo. (6d. each.)

John Beever, of Coniston, published his "Practical Fly-Fishing," and long ago the little book became a favourite with anglers as a modest but authoritative manual of reference. Mr. Beever was the son of a Manchester merchant, but he had no taste for city life, and for thirty years he lived in cultured retirement with his sisters—two ladies to whom Mr. Ruskin has addressed many letters, which have since been published under the title of "Hortus Inclusus"—at "The Thwaite," Coniston, and he became an expert in all that relates to angling. Coniston Lake, soon after this book was written, became almost barren to the angler, owing, it is believed, to poisonous refuse washed into its waters from the neighbouring copper-mines. Now, however, the copper-mines have almost ceased working, and the waters of the Coniston—thanks to a local angling association—have been restocked with trout, and the famous native char of the Lake District has been brought from Windermere. The Fishery Conservators are taking, it appears, similar steps in all the surrounding waters, and, therefore, it is hoped that angling will once more become a favourite pastime in the most romantic locality in the North of England. Under these circumstances a new edition of "Practical Fly-Fishing" has been published, and, for the first time, its author's name appears upon the title-page. There have, of course, been considerable changes in the methods of angling since Mr. Beever handled the rod, and in an appendix two younger fishermen have added some useful notes on fly-rods and landing-nets, and char-fishing and the like. The little treatise has long been somewhat scarce, and as it is from beginning to end full of shrewd hints and explicit directions, it deserves, in its present attractive form, a new lease of life.

Superstitions, we all know, die hard, and that is especially the case in Africa—a continent which, in truth, has not yet escaped from the Dark Ages. We are assured in the pages of "Some Legendary Landmarks of Africa" that Kaffirs, Zulus, and other native tribes, still cling to beliefs and legends which they have held since the days of Solomon. Intercourse with European and Asiatic races has, so far, failed to dispel these superstitions, and yet some of them are quaintly interwoven with strange memories of Vasco de Gama and the Portuguese crusades against the Mohammedans. Mrs. Frank Evans, during her residence in South Africa, has gathered a few of the most typical of these legends, and they have suggested the group of stories of which the book is composed. We must frankly say that we should greatly have preferred the legends of African tribes without this modern imaginative setting, for it is impossible to discover, as the book now stands, how much of it is due to the lady's pretty turn for romance and how much to Kaffir or Zulu tradition. The stories are, however, interesting in themselves, and they display real acquaintance with the manners and modes of thought of the simple tribes of the Dark Continent. The most ambitious of these tales have been suggested by some legends of South-East Africa and the belief which still lingers there as to the supposed locality of the Queen of Sheba's kingdom.

The Rector of Dumfries Academy has translated, with an elaborate array of critical notes, the seven books of "Arrian's Anabasis of Alexander," and also "The Indica," that curious and minute account of the country east of the Indus, which in old manuscripts was regarded as an eighth book of "The Anabasis." Dr. Chinnock, in compiling the notes, has, of course, had recourse to the other extant authorities on the achievements of Alexander the Great, such as Curtius, Diodorus, Plutarch, Justin, and Ælian, and in this way the text and commentary taken together constitute a tolerably complete history of the conqueror's progress. We know comparatively little of Arrian beyond the fact that he was a native of Nicomedia, who, at the beginning of the second century of the Christian era, settled in Rome, where he studied philosophy under Epictetus. He was fortunate enough to gain the goodwill of the Emperor Hadrian, and was in consequence made governor in Cappadocia. When Marcus Aurelius came to the throne, however, Arrian relinquished this post and retired to his native city, where, according to Photius—who is the chief authority on the facts of his life—he was appointed priest to Demeter and Persephone. Photius thinks that Arrian was the best of the many historians of Alexander, and Dr. Chinnock reminds us that he was termed the "Younger Xenophon, because he filled the same position to Epictetus which Xenophon did to Socrates." There is truth in the assertion that it is idle to expect an author who lived nearly five hundred years after Demosthenes, always to write classical Greek. Yet, with the single exception of Lucian, Dr. Chinnock is of opinion that Arrian is the best of the Greek authors of the second century, and he maintains that his "Anabasis" deserves to rank with the best historical narratives of any age or language. The more conspicuous deviations from Attic constructions in the text are thrown into relief in the notes, and in other respects Dr. Chinnock's comments are both scholarly and judicious.

The nooks and corners of East Anglia are admirably depicted with pen and pencil by Mr. Barrett in his cheap "Illustrated Guides to the Eastern Counties." Towns like Ipswich and Woodbridge, Southwold and Aldeburgh, are rich in archaeological and historical interest, and nothing that is quaint or picturesque escapes Mr. Barrett's attention. His drawings possess an imaginative charm, and the text which accompanies them is written with literary skill as well as with accuracy.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

- THE CRIME OF MAUNSELL GRANGE. By Frederic Breton. Three vols. (Osgood.)
- A HISTORY OF MEDICAL EDUCATION. By Dr. Theodor Puschmann. Translated and edited by Evan H. Hare, M.A., F.R.C.S. (H. K. Lewis.)
- JOEL MARSH: AN AMERICAN, AND OTHER STORIES. By Avery Ma alpine. (Ward Lock.)
- CANADIAN POEMS AND LAYS. Arranged and edited by W. D. Lighthall, M.A., of Montreal. *The Canterbury Poets*. (Walter Scott.)
- LOVE LETTERS OF A VIOLINIST. By Eric Mackay. *The Canterbury Poets*. (Walter Scott.)
- ESSAYS IN LONDON AND ELSEWHERE. By Henry James. (Osgood.)
- SWEETHEART GWEN. A WELSH IDYLL. By William Tirebuck (Longmans.)
- THE WORKS OF SHAKESPEARE. Edited by W. Aldis Wright. *The Cambridge Shakespeare*. Vol. IX. (Macmillan.)
- A STUDY OF THE WORKS OF ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON. By Edward Campbell Tainsh. New Edition. (Macmillan.)
- DECIPHERMENT OF BLURRED FINGER-PRINTS. By Francis Galton, F.R.S., etc. (Macmillan.)
- THE TRUMPET MAJOR. By Thomas Hardy. New Edition. (Sampson Low.)
- GUIDE TO HEALTH IN AFRICA. By Thomas Heazle Parke, Hon. D.C.L., Hon. F.R.C.S.I., etc. With preface by H. M. Stanley. (Sampson Low.)
- WITH CAPTAIN STAIRS TO KATANGA.—By Joseph A. Moloney, L.R.C.P., F.R.G.S. (Sampson Low.)
- LIFE WITH TRANS-SIBERIAN SAVAGES. By B. Douglas Howard, M.A. (Longmans.)
- THE TOURIST'S ART GUIDE TO EUROPE. By Nancy Bell (N. D'Anvers) (Philip.)
- THE TOURIST'S ATLAS-GUIDE TO THE CONTINENT OF EUROPE. By J. C. Bartholomew, F.R.G.S. (Philip.)
- CHRISTABEL (CONCLUDED), WITH OTHER POEMS. By Henry C. Howard (Kegan Paul.)
- ANN BOLEYN. An Historical Drama. In Five Acts. (A. P. Marsden.)
- THE STRIKE AT ARLINGFORD. Play in Three Acts. By George Moore (Walter Scott.)
- SHORT DEVOTIONAL SERVICES FOR USE IN NONCONFORMIST CHURCHES (J. Clarke.)
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THE SPEAKER

SATURDAY, JULY 1, 1893.

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THE WEEK.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS: AT HOME.

THE long-expected blow at Obstruction, which Liberal members and journalists have been demanding for weeks past, and which was first called for in THE SPEAKER of May 13th, fell on Wednesday. Mr. Gladstone then gave notice that on the following evening he would move that in Committee on the Home Rule Bill the proceedings should be closed on successive stages at fixed times. Clauses 5 to 8 will be put to the vote not later than 10 p.m. next Thursday; clauses 9 to 26 not later than Thursday, July 13th; clauses 27 to 40 not later than July 20th, and the postponed clauses, new clauses, and schedules not later than Thursday, July 27th. The Bill will then be forthwith reported as amended to the House. The proposals of the Government are practically identical with those which have from the first been advocated in these pages. They will allow of full discussion upon each of the important points remaining to be considered in the Bill, and are more favourable to the Opposition and to freedom of debate than the method adopted by the Tory Government when dealing with the Coercion Bill of 1887.

It may be well to note the exact time occupied in the discussions on the Bill up to Wednesday, when Mr. Gladstone made his statement. The Bill was introduced on February 13th, and there were four days of discussion upon that stage. The second reading, which had been fixed for March 13th, was postponed at the urgent demand of the Opposition until after Easter, and was not taken until April 6th. This stage was passed on April 21st, after twelve nights of debate. On May 8th the Committee stage was taken, and up to and including Wednesday this stage had occupied the House during twenty-eight sittings. Clause I. was disposed of after five sittings, Clause II. after three sittings, Clause III. after eleven sittings, and Clause IV. after eight sittings. Taking the average of seven sittings per clause, the Committee stage of the Bill at this rate of progress would have occupied 280 sittings, or more than a whole year of continuous work, allowing only for Saturday and Sunday adjournments. Or, if we take it at the quickest rate of progress so far—that on Clause II.—the Bill would have been in Committee during 120 sittings, or for twenty-four weeks, without a break of any kind. Even as it is, the Government proposals will allow forty-eight sittings for the Committee stage of the Bill—a number un-

precedented in the past history of the House of Commons.

THE debate on Thursday night on Mr. Gladstone's resolution for applying the Closure resolved itself into a pitched battle between the Government and the Opposition. The case which Mr. Gladstone made out for the measure he proposed was irresistible. Either the debate must be curtailed or the House of Commons must be deprived of the power of doing the work which it was elected to do. It is an argument with which, by this time, our readers must be painfully familiar; and it is one to which none of the Opposition speakers even attempted to find an answer. The truth is, that with all their professed anger and indignation there was little stomach for the fight on the part of the Unionists. Mr. Balfour was clever and plausible, Mr. Chamberlain bitter and vulgar, and the smaller fry furiously vituperative. But there was no heart in their fight. How could there be? Mr. Gladstone's great argument was not to be confuted, and as to the character of the remedy he proposed for an intolerable evil, every man on the Opposition benches was conscious that it was merely a modified and more liberal form of the method adopted by the Tory Government in 1887. The contention that what was fit and proper where a Bill for destroying the liberties of the people of Ireland was concerned, was neither fit nor proper in the case of a Bill for restoring those liberties, was manifestly childish. Mr. Chamberlain and his satellites ought to have left this preposterous assertion to the writers in the Tory Press.

BUT though they had no arguments with which to meet the Government proposals, the Opposition were true to their policy of Obstruction. The debate was kept up until four o'clock yesterday morning by purely Obstructive speeches and tactics, and the struggle was only brought to a close then when an arrangement had been come to by which a division was to be taken at seven o'clock in the evening. By this proceeding the Opposition have lost one of the sittings which ought to have been devoted to the Home Rule Bill. But this does not appear to trouble them. It is not the Home Rule Bill which they are resisting now so much as the other items of the Liberal programme to which Ministers are pledged, and to which even Mr. Balfour does not venture to offer any open resistance.

THE statement with which Mr. Gladstone prefaced his speech in proposing the resolutions on

procedure is one which has been repeatedly made on behalf of Ministers in these pages. Coming as it did from the lips of the Prime Minister, it made a deep impression on the House, and whilst the Opposition appeared to be goaded by it almost to frenzy, it created immense enthusiasm among the supporters of the Government. Stated briefly, Mr. Gladstone's announcement was that there would be no adjournment of the House until both the Home Rule Bill and Supply had been disposed of, and that after that Ministers would remember their pledges to the country, and proceed to carry them into effect. In other words, when the Home Rule Bill has been sent to the House of Lords, and Supply has been finished, the House will adjourn for six or seven weeks. At the end of that period it will meet again for an autumn session, to be devoted to British legislation, and notably to the Local Government Bill. There is nothing that will be new to our readers in this statement of the intentions of Ministers. But though the announcement was anticipated, the fact that it has been officially promulgated has produced a great and most beneficial effect in the ranks of the Liberal party.

THE Pontefract election resulted in the return of the Liberal candidate, Mr. Nussey, by a majority of thirty-two over his Conservative opponent. The result is eminently satisfactory, for although the majority was undoubtedly small, it had been known from the first that the contest must be a very close one, and grave fears were felt as to whether it was possible to retain the seat which Mr. Reckitt wrested from the Tories a few months ago. Fortunately the Liberalism of Yorkshire has again asserted itself, and the Ministry have been strengthened by this fresh evidence of the fact that they are not losing ground in the country at large.

WE are glad to see that the National Liberal Federation has elected Mr. Schnadhorst to the important post of Chairman of the General Purposes Committee. This involves his retirement from the Secretaryship of the Committee, a position in which he has rendered invaluable services to the Liberal party for many years past. But the position of chairman will give Mr. Schnadhorst greater freedom and independence, and will relieve him from many routine duties. His successor in the secretaryship is Mr. R. A. Hudson, a gentleman who has long acted as his assistant, and who is in every way a capable and trustworthy official. There never was a time when the National Liberal Federation could do greater service to the Liberal party than it can render at the present moment, and we may well hope that the admirable judgment and large experience of Mr. Schnadhorst will prove of exceptional value in his new and important position.

THE chief topic of conversation in all circles during the past week has been the terrible tragedy in the Mediterranean, the news of which reached us too late to be commented upon in our last issue. The feeling of sorrow at the loss of Admiral Tryon and three hundred and sixty of his officers and crew has been deep and universal. Nor has it been confined to this country only. The catastrophe seems to have caused a profound emotion abroad, and from most foreign countries the Queen has received welcome expressions of sympathy with us in a national loss. Some days must yet elapse before we know the full particulars of the sinking of the *Victoria*. The accounts we have at present show that the vessel was rammed by the *Camperdown* whilst the fleet was manœuvring, that she sank in from six to ten minutes after the blow had been struck, that the admiral, seeing that it was hopeless to attempt to save the vessel, ordered all on board to save themselves, and himself remained calmly on the bridge until the ship went down. A

more melancholy story has seldom reached our shores, but it is a noble one withal, and in due time, when its details are made known, it may be possible to learn some useful lessons from it.

A RATHER foolish story, of which certain newspapers have made more than enough, has received the *coup de grâce* in the House of Commons this week. The story was to the effect that the Admiralty had dismissed certain workmen from Deptford Dockyard as a punishment for having addressed a petition to the Board; and it was alleged that it was in consequence of this action on the part of the Admiralty that one of the workmen dismissed had committed suicide. Mr. Edmund Robertson, the Civil Lord of the Admiralty, was able on Monday night to dispose of the whole story, so far as the Admiralty and its officials were concerned. The workman who committed suicide was, it appeared, not in the service of the Admiralty at all, but in that of a sub-contractor, and there was not a word of truth in the allegations against the Government officials. It is to be regretted that such allegations should be made without full inquiry into the facts, and it is still more to be regretted that they should be thus heedlessly pressed upon the public by Members of Parliament and journals favourable to the Government.

THE first number of Mr. T. P. O'Connor's new venture in journalism, the *Sun*, appeared on Tuesday last. It is a halfpenny evening paper, and judging from the numbers that have as yet appeared, it is likely to prove a very valuable addition to the Liberal press of the metropolis. Mr. O'Connor is not only an extraordinarily ingenious and capable journalist, he is a trained publicist, who has gained wide experience in the House of Commons and in the organisation and management of political parties in the country. Few men on the Liberal press can speak with so much authority, and certainly very few bring so much of real talent to the discussion of public affairs. The *Sun* ought to find a field of its own in the London press; and, without injuring any other journal, it ought before long to make itself a power in the land.

WE are sorry to see that the Establishment Committee of the London County Council persists in its recommendation that a site for a new County Hall should be secured in Parliament Street at the cost of no less than three-quarters of a million sterling. The County Council ought to be housed in a suitable and sufficiently dignified manner, and undoubtedly the present accommodation in Spring Gardens is altogether inadequate; but it is obvious that the public would never approve of so extravagant a scheme as that which finds favour with the Committee, and the only result of its adoption would be to destroy the Progressive majority in the Council at the next election. Moreover, a site and buildings, eminently suitable for temporary purposes, at least, have been offered to the Council on the Thames Embankment. We refer to the large building at the Savoy which is now in the possession of the liquidators of the Liberator Society. The Council, we trust, will prove wiser than its Committee in this matter.

BY the satisfactory majority of 98 in a House of 334 the House of Commons on Monday affirmed the principle of betterment, and secured its application in a case sufficiently small to serve the purpose of a scientific experiment. It cannot be said that the

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opposition was very strong. Mr. Kimber discovered that under the present system of local taxation payment is according to benefit received—which will be news to most ratepayers—and, of course, the old question was raised, “Why should land be differently treated from other kinds of property?” But it is quite time—now that an economist of so high a position as Professor Bastable doubts that there is any appreciable “unearned increment” at all—that steps should be taken, as the *Daily Chronicle* has proposed, to place the matter beyond question, so far as Parliament can do it, by a general statute. An American State could do this by inscribing the principle in its constitution. It is one of the disadvantages of the omnipotence of Parliament that the fundamental principles of our policy, political or fiscal, are always open to question. It should at least be possible to embody in a statute the principle which was so decisively affirmed on Monday last.

LIGHT upon the proceedings of the
ABROAD. French in regard to Siam is much needed. The claims of the Republic have now been formulated, and the Siamese themselves do not know what is required of them, and, though ready and willing, are unable to come to terms. Unless the nature of the dispute is frankly avowed, it is impossible not to suspect a deliberate intention on the part of M. Lanessan to fasten a quarrel upon a helpless and singularly inoffensive people. Meanwhile, without reason alleged, the French have seized the island of Samit, which, by special arrangement between the King and the late Governor of Cochin China, was acknowledged to be Siamese territory a few years ago. The present situation is alike discreditable to the French and injurious to trade interests.

THE most noticeable feature of the preparations for the general election in France is a certain tendency to concentration of “the classes” and the *bourgeoisie* against Socialism which bids fair to replace the “Republican concentration” of which we have heard so much for many years, but which has now done its work. We see this tendency alike among the “rallied Right,” the “Liberal Left” represented by M. Jonnart, and the “Left Centre,” which finds expression for its views in the columns of the *Journal des Débats*. Moreover, it is beginning to affect the Government—and, what is more, the Government is gaining strength by taking advantage of it. Thus M. Dupuy has risen considerably in public esteem by his emphatically expressed determination to compel the unregistered trades-unions of the Labour Exchange to submit to the law and register themselves before July 1st. Of course, they have the sympathy of the Paris Municipal Council: and a curious little squall has just passed over that body anent the subvention it has recently granted to the Exchange. The prefect of the Seine has disallowed the grant as *ultra vires*, whereupon the Council, by 49 to 28, have maintained the subvention, and propose to divert the nine thousand francs allotted to the illumination of the prefecture on the fête day of the Republic to the purposes of the Labour Exchange.

THE Bohemian difficulty has entered on a new stage which may prove more acute than its predecessors. Count Taaffe is negotiating with the leaders of the chief groups in the Reichsrath for their support to a Bill empowering the executive government of Bohemia to arrange for the establishment of German tribunals in certain German oases in Czech districts, without applying for an approval which the Bohemian Landtag would probably

withhold. It was a proposal to establish a court of this kind which caused the unprecedented scene a few weeks ago in that body; and it need hardly be said that a scheme for doing so wholesale—and so preserving the German language and nationality which would otherwise be swallowed up in Czech—will excite the utmost fury among the Nationalists of Bohemia.

THE Italian Ministry may not be in danger in the Chamber, where it commands an inexperienced, grateful, and subservient majority. But its conduct in forcing on the new Banking Bill in advance of the report of the Parliamentary Committee is causing the gravest apprehension outside Parliament. The South and Tuscany are protesting against the curtailment of their banking privileges; and there is every reason to suppose that the real aim is less to save Italian credit than to avoid the exposure of the dealings between the banks, the deputies, and the Government, which were so fully explained some months ago in our columns by a distinguished Italian correspondent. Signor Cavallotti on Saturday made a number of charges of electoral and personal corruption on the part of the banks and the Government, and no reply was vouchsafed. It will be curious if the Ministry of All the Talents, after more than a year of office, leaves behind it nothing of its programme of reform save a bad Bank Bill.

KING ALEXANDER OF SERBIA, having shown abilities and powers beyond his years, is now reported to be about to crown his entrance into public life by a marriage with one of the numerous daughters of the Prince of Montenegro—a scheme in which some people may scent Russian intrigue. It is noticeable, by the way, that the Russian language has just been made compulsory in all the public schools of Montenegro.

LITERATURE. SCIENCE etc.

LITERATURE is represented in each of the great monthly reviews for July by only one article or so. “Charles Baudelaire and Edgar Poe” in the *Nineteenth Century* is an interesting, if not very recondite, historical parallel; the *National Review* deals with the “Persiles” of Cervantes, and gives a too-brief story by Mrs. W. K. Clifford; and “Vernon Lee” concludes a “May-Day Dialogue,” which perhaps should rather be classed as economics, in the *Contemporary*. Among more solid subjects, Siam and its present and future political position are dealt with by Mr. Henry Norman in the *Contemporary*, Mr. Curzon, M.P., in the *Nineteenth Century*, and Mr. Gundry (a new name to us) in the *National*. The *Contemporary* contains in full Mr. Bryce’s admirable address on the teaching of Civic Duty, which we noticed on its first appearance. On the whole, however, the *Nineteenth Century* is fullest this month. Professor Goldwin Smith is unusually optimistic on the political and economic situation at Washington, and pessimist (but that need not be said) on that in Canada; Dr. Jessopp points out to the ardent defenders of the Church that the universities subsist on endowments which, on their showing, are derived from “robbery of God”; Mr. Fortescue criticises the Australian crisis with the feelings of one who can say, “I told you so!”; and Mr. Astley Cooper explains further the Pan-Britannic festival which is to be the Olympic Games of a Federated Empire. The number ends with a curious criticism and history of the Apostles’ Creed by Professor Harnack, the well-known theologian whose utterances last year raised a storm in Germany, and whose tendencies may be inferred from the fact that Mrs. Humphry Ward contributes an introduction.

THERE are not many departments of education in which a University Extension lecturer can render

If housekeepers are in earnest in wishing to benefit the unemployed in East London, they should buy BRYANT & MAY’S Matches, and refuse the foreign matches which are depriving the workers in East London of a large amount in weekly wages.

more efficient help than in the "continuation school"—especially under the admirable code we owe to Mr. Acland, himself one of the founders of the Extension movement. It is satisfactory to see, therefore, that the conference just held at Oxford has taken up the subject, especially in connection with that teaching of civic duty which is so admirable a feature of the code, and has been so often advocated in these columns. It is a subject which the work of the Oxford schools especially fits her sons to teach, and which is more directly important and more distinctly practical than even political economy. We are glad to see, therefore, that the Conference has taken steps to forward it, and to promote, as far as possible, the object of the new code in "educating our masters." Still, we must put in a plea for the well-to-do, who are desperately ignorant of politics—as the existence of the Primrose League is alone enough to prove. Cannot something be done among them in the way of missionary work? We see that a hope has been expressed that the encomiums passed on the new code may strengthen Mr. Acland's hands in his conflict with the London School Board. It is worth while to remember that one of the first acts of the present reactionary majority was to impair the usefulness of the continuation schools.

BUT how does the new code for these useful schools stand in relation to the contemplated organisation of education as a whole, which is to put into the pocket of every elementary schoolboy a potential gown of a college president? The Charity Commissioners aim at this continuity when they open chances for younger boys straight from elementary schools, as in the Christ's Hospital scheme, and for older boys, presumably from the continuation schools, as in the St. Paul's School scheme. But they do this on the eminently unsatisfactory assumption that the secondary schools will adapt themselves to the attainments of these exceptional scholars. The continuation schools at any rate should make it their business to give School Board boys such a training as will enable them to compete with other boys for scholarships, and so prevent the creation of an invidious privilege: unrestricted competition must in the end prove more satisfactory than the best eleemosynary measure. How far does the new code aim at this, and recognise the needs of the ever-increasing number of those who are trying to pass from one grade to another? The department seem to regard these schools mainly in the light of recreation, and though they profess to have an eye to "Extension" lectures "and other forms of secondary or higher education," yet there is little to show that they regard these evening classes as a link in a national system of education. Special advantages should have been offered for the study of public-school subjects. French, German, Euclid, and Algebra will not win public-school scholarships. For Latin there is a grant, but it should have been doubled; Greek is not recognised at all; and candidates for schools like St. Paul's will be driven to expensive preparatory schools, or else have to abandon the attempt to get the further education they desire.

THE progress made in alloying aluminium with other substances has brought this metal rapidly to the foreground. There seems little doubt that its future rôle will be both important and significant. It is only quite lately that the alloy of aluminium with antimony has been known. We owe this to the work of Roche, who obtained it by melting the latter metal in a Perrot's oven, stirring the melted metal with an aluminium rod. In this way, the temperature being gradually increased, it was found that an alloy was formed consisting of 18·37 per cent. of aluminium and 81·63 of antimony. Unfortunately, the properties of this product showed at once that for industrial purposes it was practically of no value; so that further research was required to investigate whether,

by combining it with still a third metal, more satisfactory qualities could be produced. The results seem to have been rewarded with great success. A series of products were obtained which were distinguished by their hardness, elasticity, and brilliancy. For instance, the alloys of aluminium and antimony with wolfram and nickel are hard, tenacious, and elastic, while those with silver and nickel or silver and copper are conspicuous by their extreme brightness and capacity for receiving polish. The alloys with iron—iron and nickel on the one hand, and iron and chromium on the other—possess, besides high specific gravities, an extreme fineness of grain, and, which is of the highest importance for casting purposes, do not froth and eject bubbles when heated. Whether these new products will prove of value industrially remains yet to be seen; but the work of Roche helps us, at any rate, along the road which we hope leads to success.

ADMIRAL SIR GEORGE TRYON, K.C.B., whose heroic death is one of the most striking features in the great naval catastrophe we are all mourning, was perhaps best known to the general public as a former Commander-in-Chief on the Australian station and as a candidate for Parliament in the famous Spalding election of 1887. But he had a long record of distinguished service, commencing at Sebastopol; he had had a large official experience, and it was chiefly to his exertions that the Australian colonies owe their present system of naval defence. Sir Theophilus Shepstone, K.C.M.G., will be chiefly—and unjustly—remembered in connection with the premature annexation of the Transvaal in 1877. It is a pity that history should have no better treatment in store for his long life of varied activity and his wide knowledge of South African affairs. Sir William Fox had been repeatedly Premier of New Zealand, and a conspicuous opponent of Sir George Grey's policy. Lord Calthorpe was a landowner in and benefactor to Birmingham, and a well-known supporter of the better traditions of the English turf. General Lothian Nicholson, C.B., had been Governor of Jersey and Gibraltar. Senator Leland Stanford was a leading Californian railway king and owner of fast horses, and the munificent founder of an oddly named university of the most modern type in memory of his only son. Mr. Edmund Sturge had been for some thirty years a prominent official of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society and an ardent worker in the cause. The Rev. Charles M'Dowall had been a very successful head-master of Highgate School. Mr. Arthur Locker had spent part of his early life in Australia (whence a capital book for boys) and had been the first editor of the *Graphic*.

KILLING OBSTRUCTION.

EVERY true Liberal in the United Kingdom, and we think we may add every true Parliamentarian in the best sense of the word, must rejoice at the action which Ministers have at last taken for the purpose of killing the conspiracy of obstruction. If that conspiracy had succeeded, it would not have been the Home Rule Bill only that would have been destroyed. Parliamentary government itself would have been disgraced in the eyes of the world, and the House of Commons would have justly incurred the contempt of the nation, as an assembly which did not know how to do the work it has been elected to carry out. Mr. Gladstone has been slow to recognise the necessity of the step he has now taken, and we confess we honour him for his reluctance to do so. It harmonises completely with that reverence for the best traditions and oldest precedents of the House of Commons which has been the distinguishing mark of his

Parliamentary veteran, our Parliament have come to wane inevitable. Mr. Gladstone the best deferred please a reputation do not know benches long ago stone in their yielded the House what honour

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Parliamentary career, and it differentiates the great veteran, steeped in the spirit of the golden epoch of our Parliamentary life, from the newer men who have come to the front since that golden epoch began to wane and rougher methods of procedure became inevitable. But the very fact that at last even Mr. Gladstone should have been compelled to act is the best proof that action could no longer be deferred. His enemies may talk nonsense if they please about the blow which he has struck at "his reputation as a great member of Parliament." They do not themselves believe what they are saying. They know full well that there is no man upon the Tory benches who, under similar provocation, would not long ago have taken the step to which Mr. Gladstone has now been reluctantly forced. They know in their hearts that in taking this step he has yielded to the universal sentiment on his own side of the House; and they know further that he still remains, what he has been so long, the best guardian of the honour and the dignity of Parliament who is left to us.

For our own part, we have special satisfaction in recognising the action of the Government, because it happens to be that which, long before anyone else had spoken on the subject, we declared in these pages to be necessary in order to carry the Home Rule Bill in the face of its opponents. So far back as the 13th of May, five days after the Committee stage had begun, we saw that the conspiracy which sought to drown the Bill under a flood of talk must succeed unless exceptional measures were resorted to. It was then that we wrote as follows:—

"It seems to us that it will become necessary for the Government to resort to the plan of applying the Closure described by us shortly after the meeting of Parliament. The week past has been full of illustrations of the temper-spoiling, time-wasting, and, under such circumstances as now exist, ineffective qualities of the present plan. . . . This sort of thing need not happen at all if at the close of each week the Government mention the amount of progress they think it reasonable to make by the close of the following week, and give notice at the same time that on the last day of the following week they will move urgency for any clauses or amendments included in the limit of progress mentioned which may remain undisposed of, and will put them to the vote with the aid of the Closure. A precedent for this course (though, indeed, no precedent should be considered necessary) is to be found in the manner in which Mr. Balfour's Coercion Bill was carried through its final stages in Committee. It is only necessary to systematise that precedent, and, instead of applying it to the undisposed-of clauses in a lump at the eleventh hour (a method which for various reasons would hardly suit in this case), to distribute its force in a regular and rational manner from week to week."

We may reasonably recall these words with satisfaction; for the plan proposed by us seven weeks ago, and consistently urged upon the Government ever since, is that which the Ministry have now adopted. They have, indeed, gone a step beyond our original proposal by parcelling out the time of the Committee week by week for four weeks in advance. But this slight extension of our plan has been made necessary by the delay that has occurred in adopting it. The House of Commons is composed of ordinary human beings, who need rest and relaxation like other men. After so prolonged and exhausting a conflict as that of the past five months, it had become necessary to show Members that Ministers would carry their new plan of operations to the end, and thereby ensure not merely the passing of the Home Rule Bill, but the adjournment of the House for a summer recess of reasonable length.

The members of the Opposition and their organs in the Press profess intense anger at the step which has now been taken. Liberals may, however, dismiss their opinions on the subject with indifference, if not with contempt. The men who have been boasting for weeks and months past that they were resolved if they could to kill the Bill by obstruction, and who have exulted on a hundred platforms and in a hundred newspapers over the measure of success they had already attained in this process, are not persons whom it is necessary to consult as to the precise moment at which the law shall be put in force against them. They are by their own admission criminals—men who have resorted to that which has been truly described as the worst of Parliamentary crimes for party purposes—and neither the judges nor the jury need trouble themselves about their feelings now that they are called upon to submit to the penalty they have incurred. All that need be noted with regard to their attitude is that they are evidently desperately afraid of the weapon the use of which they have so wantonly provoked. Every fresh hint from the Liberal benches that the Closure would have to be used, has been followed by an outburst of almost incoherent rage from the other side. One might almost suppose, from the way in which they received any hint that Ministers might find themselves compelled to use this weapon, that there was a Standing Order of the House declaring that no one but a Tory Minister could move the Closure, and that it was on no occasion to be employed except against a Liberal minority. This, at all events, is the view of the matter clearly taken by their organs in the Press. Having lustily applauded every application of the Closure made in the last Parliament for the purpose of protecting Mr. Balfour from the results of his feeble bungling in the administration of Ireland, they now foam at the mouth with rage when they learn that the same method is to be used against the present minority in Parliament. We note their rage with satisfaction. It shows that they at least know that the Closure is a weapon by which their conspiracy against the rights of the House of Commons will be effectually brought to nought.

But are Liberals convinced that the last extremity had been reached, and that no alternative to the adoption of the plan proposed by us remained for the consideration of Ministers? We believe that among Liberals of all classes, not only in the House of Commons but out of it, this conviction is most emphatically held. Here we are in the eighth week of the Committee stage, and we have only passed four out of the forty clauses composing the Bill. In barely six weeks the 12th of August will be upon us. There is no reason why Parliament should adjourn then; but everybody knows that by that date the chief work of the Session ought to be accomplished, if it is to be accomplished at all. This year, moreover, Ministers have a double task to achieve. They have to carry the Local Government Bill as well as the Home Rule Bill. Both ought to pass the House of Commons before Christmas, and it is indispensable that Parliament should also have a recess of six weeks or two months in the autumn. We see then where we stand. Working with an unparalleled devotion and energy for five months, the House of Commons has less than four months before it in which to carry the greater part of the Home Rule Bill through Committee, pass the third reading, and take the English Local Government Bill through all its more important stages. It was, of course, impossible to do this at the old rate of progress; it would have been impossible to do it under the ordinary procedure

of the House unless there were a total collapse of the Opposition, a collapse that we had no right to expect. The deduction is obvious. The time had come when extraordinary measures needed to be resorted to in order to enable Parliament to carry out the will of the nation. Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues did not act a moment too soon, and the vigorous measures they have taken will be universally applauded by their followers. As for the impudent threats put forth by the scribes of the Tory party to the effect that the members of that party "will not allow" the Government to proceed with its own business and to carry out its own policy, it is only necessary to make one remark—that is, that the tyranny of minorities is a still more hateful thing than the tyranny of majorities. It is for the men who are in power, not for those who have been expelled from power, to say what they will and what they will not allow. In this case the majority will stand firm in defence, not of its own rights merely, but of the rights of Parliament and of the nation. The insolent attempt on the part of the minority to dictate to the House as a whole must not merely be resisted; it must be mercilessly trampled under foot, unless Parliamentary Government in this country is to be destroyed.

A FRESH START.

THE first impression produced by the final results of the General Election in Germany is in the main one of disappointment. It is not merely that the Emperor is in a fair way to secure from the new Reichstag what its predecessor, to his great surprise, refused. That, as shall be pointed out presently, is a minor matter. The way in which the concession has come robs it at once of half its value to him, and of nearly all its danger to the peace of Europe. But it is disappointing that the only part of the machinery of the Empire which is really democratic should have failed—more completely even than *scrutin de liste* did in France—to give adequate expression to the popular will. According to an estimate alleged to be semi-official, the first ballots, if treated as a *plébiscite* on the military scheme, would have resulted in its rejection by a majority of 200,000 votes. But the general will this time was not very emphatically expressed at the second ballots—least of all on the side of the minority which good luck and the over-representation of the Prussian rural districts has made victorious. We have seen hardly any evidence of that outburst of patriotism on which the Emperor and his Chancellor doubtless counted in deciding to dissolve the late Reichstag. The National Liberals have gained eight seats, the Liberal Dissentients have secured twelve. But the success of both was probably due rather to the fear inspired by the extravagance of the extreme parties than to any special enthusiasm for the chief plank in their platform. The Free Conservatives, *par excellence* the Imperial party, have gained six seats, but still number only twenty-four. The Conservatives gain six seats, having won a few from the Liberals, but lost some to the Anti-Semites. But their interest is not in the Military Bills, but in Protection to German agriculture and reactionary measures in Church and State. In short, there has not been, as there was in 1887, a wave of patriotic enthusiasm for the maintenance of the Empire. The elections have been decided to a great extent by local and special causes, and by the unquenchable rivalries of the various parties. On the Opposition side the Catholic Centre comes out without great loss, and probably is less sacerdotal, more democratic, and more homogeneous—

relieved as it is of its aristocratic leaders, Count Ballestrem and Herr von Huene. The Liberal Popular party has, after all, done better than was expected. The Social Democrats have done well, but not so well as they hoped. They gained about 20 per cent. in votes, as compared with 1890, at the first ballot. They increase their seats by eight, gained largely at the expense of the Liberals whose Liberalism is too individualist and savours too much of "the Manchester School" for the German workman of to-day. But they carry most of the great centres of population: Strasburg, Frankfort, Hanover, as well as some industrial centres, and, most striking of all, four out of the five districts of Berlin. But still the net result is at once far less alarming than it might have been, and far less expressive of the popular will. The Richter Liberals lose (it is calculated) some 200,000 votes at most, but thirty seats. The Centre have not polled more votes than the Socialists; but they have more than twice as many members. A small majority can, doubtless, be secured by the least adroit of Parliamentary managers. The scheme, on the original plan, will not pass, nor (probably) as modified by the Huene compromise which the Government accepted at the last moment, but in vain. But some modification of the scheme doubtless will pass. At the same time, concessions comparatively moderate in themselves, and conceded by the will of the representatives of a minority of the nation, will not make the German army that menace to the peace of Europe which some observers, including ourselves, have feared.

The immediate result, then, is that the army will be increased, and that the *status quo* in Europe will be preserved. The remoter results are another matter, and a much more serious one. There has been no decision at present as to the mode in which the needful funds are to be obtained. The proposed taxes on the "three B's"—beer, Bourse, and brandy, or rather alcohol—may very likely not be accepted by the new Reichstag. If not, where is the money to come from? for it must be remembered that increased funds are demanded for the navy as well. Germany may very likely be in the same case as Italy, which decides that it must keep its army at a certain strength, but has utterly failed to discover any fresh source of revenue to meet its growing needs. By what concessions to Anti-Semites and distressed landlords will the Bill itself and the new taxes be secured? Already Russia has prepared to force in her grain by threatening to impose increased duties, to the extent of 15 to 30 per cent., on German goods. The Conservatives and the Protectionist wing of the National Liberals are quite ready for a tariff war *à outrance*. How this may draw Russia towards Austria need hardly be pointed out. In Germany, can it have any other effect than to intensify the discontent which is already so strong, and strengthen the Social Democracy of the great industrial centres? Dear food and restrictions on the migration of the agricultural labourer are two of the leading features of the Conservative programme. How will this improve either the national finance or the national content? Bavaria and Württemberg, in particular, have given enormous majorities to strong opponents of the Bills. Will not their failure to secure their aim intensify that tendency to particularism which has of late received such striking expression from some of their most popular leaders? There will be no *coup d'état*; no second dissolution of the Reichstag; no attack—most probably—on that manhood suffrage which has this time failed to secure the distinct expression of the general will. But there will be a certain amount of bargaining and "placating"—which must mainly turn to the profit of those reactionary parties who are

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over-represented in the new Reichstag, and perhaps to that of the Catholics as well. Financial strain and increasing militarism, economic discontent and a marked growth of Separatism in the south—such are the abiding results of those second ballots which seem at first sight to strengthen the Empire and secure the maintenance of the peace of Europe.

THE VICTORIA.

THERE is no need to indulge in any word-painting in order to stimulate public interest in the national tragedy which occurred off the coast of Syria on Thursday week. There is still in the hearts of Englishmen enough of the old feeling left to stir them to real and profound interest when a disaster takes place at sea; and the whole of Britain has shown, during the past week, that the loss of the *Victoria* and her brave crew has moved it profoundly. Everybody mourns for the brave men who have perished, not ignobly, for they died while doing their duty, but, alas! unnecessarily. To pay any tribute to the dead would be something like an impertinence. They had at their head one of the ablest and most experienced of naval officers, and he was surrounded by a staff worthy of his rank and fame. The crew of the *Victoria* was, by general consent, one of the smartest in the service. It is terrible to think that such a body of men should have perished of a summer's afternoon, in the midst of profound peace, and when no more dangerous business than the ordinary manœuvring of a fleet was on hand. Nor is it a small thing that with them we should have lost the latest and greatest triumph of the Admiralty in shipbuilding, a vessel which, with its equipment, represented in round figures more than a million of money, and which it must take years to replace. All these facts are, however, but the obvious commonplaces of the tragedy, and many able pens have dwelt upon them fully since the news reached our shores. Every heart has been moved at the dismal story, every hand has been ready to lay its own wreath upon the "vast and wandering grave" of our fellow-countrymen who have perished. The time has now arrived when, without loss of respect to the dead, and without violence to the feelings of the living, we may fairly try to learn the lessons which the most tragical incident in the history of the British Navy during the last twenty years has to teach us.

And first a word for the late Admiral Tryon. He was the Commander-in-Chief of the Mediterranean Fleet. It was his flag-ship which was sunk. If he had survived, he must have been placed upon his trial for the loss of his vessel. Men have been quick to assume that "someone had blundered," and it is not unnatural that they should have associated Admiral Tryon with the blunder. Yet, supposing the surmises of this kind which have been current in some quarters were to be proved correct, to how little would they amount! Like every naval officer of the present day who is placed in charge either of a single ironclad or of a fleet, Admiral Tryon was in the position of a man who is called upon to carry out a delicate and perilous experiment with forces the nature and qualities of which are, at best, imperfectly understood. No one blames the chemist who, in pursuit of useful knowledge, is scorched or suffocated in his own laboratory. Wise men do not talk of rashness when an investigator perishes whilst pursuing his appointed path; and it is no exaggeration to say that the commander of a fleet like that which carries the White Ensign in the Mediterranean must, of necessity, be very much of an experi-

mentalist and an investigator. For thousands of years the ships of the world have been practically of one type, and through the ages the seamen of all countries—and in a marked degree of England—have day by day been gaining fresh knowledge of how to sail these ships at all times and under all conditions. But to this generation a new and harder task than that which fell upon our forefathers has been allotted. Instead of the ship of old, which his very instincts taught the British seaman how to handle, the naval officers of to-day have to handle new and strange machines, the like of which the world never saw before. If a Drake or a Nelson or a Collingwood were to be restored to life, and in the plenitude of his powers placed in command of such a vessel as the *Victoria*, it is no exaggeration to say that, with all his splendid seamanship, he would be as helpless and as ignorant of his duties as a child. The admirals and officers of to-day have had more than a score of years in which to learn how to handle the wonderful craft which now represent the naval might of a Power like England. But what are twenty or thirty years in comparison with the ages, and how can we hope that in the lifetime of a single generation we shall be able, not only to learn the whole art and mystery of manœuvring and fighting with ironclads, but to unlearn the lessons and traditions inherited from the glorious race of seamen who for a thousand years have carried the flag of Britain on the ocean? For years, and, it may be, for generations to come, our naval officers will have to remain at school, day by day gaining fresh knowledge of the art of handling the new race of fighting monsters. In every such lesson a certain element of danger must exist, for by actual experiment alone can real knowledge be gained. To blame a particular officer because in the pursuit of that knowledge he falls a victim to a mistaken theory or to a daring attempt to solve one of the many problems which have been committed to him, would be in the highest degree ungenerous and unjust. Let Admiral Tryon sleep in peace. He died in the service of his country as surely as though he had fallen in battle, though the foe with which he was grappling when he met his doom was nothing more material than our slowly dying ignorance of the way in which a fleet of ironclads can best be handled in peace or in war. No shadow of reproach will rest upon his name, for he and his four hundred comrades perished in pursuit of that knowledge which it is the bounden duty of every seaman to gain at all costs and hazards to himself.

It is for us who stay at home, not for the brave men we send to do our work at sea, that there are lessons to be learned from this terrible catastrophe. When in the height of the agony of the Franco-German war, the attention of the world was for a moment diverted from the battle-fields of France to that spot in the Bay of Biscay where the *Captain* and her crew had been engulfed, the first impulse of Englishmen—a stubborn impulse born of the pride and courage of their race—was to put aside the obvious lesson of the tragedy, and to insist that as one ship had gone down, so another must be built to take her place. But when the first hot feeling of resentment at what seemed to be the cruel blow inflicted by malicious fate had passed away, a wiser feeling took possession of our minds. Men realised that, after all, not even the wealth and valour and undying determination of Englishmen could enable them to violate natural law with impunity; and though we have built many mighty war-ships since then, we have never built another *Captain*. It is upon those who determine the policy of our Admiralty, the statesmen and seamen and scientific constructors who decide upon the type of

our war-ships, that the lesson of the loss of the *Victoria* chiefly falls. We have been slowly emerging of late years from the chaos of contradictory opinions which has prevailed among persons of authority ever since we took to the building of ironclads, but we are still far, very far, from having arrived at a satisfactory solution of the great problem. Other countries are in a similar plight. France, with the daring originality which is her distinguishing mark among the nations, has struck out a line of her own. She may be right, or she may be wrong. What is certain is that her policy differs from ours, and that, so far, she has not suffered from any overwhelming catastrophe such as we are now mourning. We do not doubt that the men of genius who plan our great war-ships will be able to furnish us with many variations upon the design of the *Victoria*. Will they be able henceforward to bear in mind the fact that the enormous machines which they construct must, in the long result, be placed under the control of men of finite intelligence and limited powers? At present it is hardly too much to say that no man is really fit to command a modern ironclad unless he is not merely a sailor and an administrator, but a trained and almost omniscient man of science. Big vessels we must have to meet the big vessels of our rivals, but we may well consider whether the extraordinary complexity of detail which characterises the newest type of war-ship, and which involves the employment within its bosom of a hundred different engines each devoted to a special purpose of its own, is not a doubtful advantage. It is all very well to possess the most powerful and perfectly equipped ironclads in the world; but, after all, the first quality we require in a ship is that it should be able to float, and a hundred tons of oak on the surface of the sea is of infinitely greater value to the nation which owns it than ten thousand tons of metal rusting in the depths of the ocean, even though that metal has been fashioned into the semblance of the finest ironclad in the world.

THE EFFECT OF PIGOTTISM IN FRANCE.

BEFORE passing any criticism on the sorry exhibition which French politicians have been making of themselves for the past week or so over M. Millevoeye's dossier of forgeries, we ought to chasten ourselves by remarking that the whole affair is a very faithful copy of an example we ourselves have set. French public life has of late degenerated into an exchange of villainous accusations between politicians and their newspapers, supported by more or less villainous evidence. But if the "leading organ" of the London daily press had had its way English public life would by this time have degenerated into something similar; and it seems impossible to avoid the conclusion that Norton, the French fabricator of compromising letters, had expressly modelled himself on Richard Pigott, and that the editor of the *Cocarde* was inspired in his peculiar campaign by the methods once resorted to by the *Times*. Norton, indeed, resembles Mr. Pigott to a most interesting degree. He is a "patriot" from the Mauritius (a mulatto), who has for years been living chiefly by his wits. Several times, like Pigott, he offered to give information to successive Governments and to supply them with documents damaging to their enemies—offers which the Governments, as in Pigott's case, always, and with great sagacity, declined. At last he found an editor after his own heart—a person credulous and reckless, who thought it good business to deal in political calumny. Him he drew on by artful hints of his being able to lay his hand on something particularly compromising,

something stolen from an Embassy, something which would prove M. Clémenceau to be a traitor in the pay of England. M. Ducret, the editor of the *Cocarde*, M. Millevoeye, M. Déroulède, and the Marquis de Morès formed a committee for the purchase of these precious documents—for all the world like the little committee which Mr. Houston and Professor Maguire piloted to Paris to possess themselves of the contents of Mr. Pigott's "friend's" black bag. As everybody knows, the documents, when they were read in the tribune by M. Millevoeye, proved to be a farrago of grotesque and stupid forgeries, which Norton has since (again like Pigott) confessed that he fabricated himself.

No doubt the exposure of this pestilent nonsense will do a certain amount of good. It will damp down for a while that unwholesome excitement in which Paris has been living since last October. The frenzy for political scandal, which called out for a fresh "revelation" every week, will now abate, and the scandal-mongers will, for the time being, cease to be personages of the first consequence. That, no doubt, so far counts on the side of improvement. Nevertheless, taking all things into view, it seems to us as if the fiasco, on the whole, were likely to produce more harm than good. Violent states of feeling in France, when they undergo a change, have a way of resulting in reactions; and it would be a great pity if the ridicule and contempt excited by the Norton forgeries were to extend so far beyond their proper object as to affect the position which the episode of Panama ought to occupy in the French public mind. M. Millevoeye's mare's-nest had nothing in reality to do with Panama. It was an excrescence, like many other excrescences of that ugly phenomenon. It was Pigottism pure and simple, the invention of a forger, the instrument of a dupe. But Panama, on the other hand, is a genuine disorder which it will be a misfortune for France to treat otherwise than in the gravest spirit. It is an ulcer eating into the vitals of the Republic. Its appearance of arising out of the quarrels of parties, its exploitation by one set of politicians for the purpose of discrediting another, are specious and misleading indications. Nothing could have kept Panama back when the inevitable time came. It has broken out in the process of nature, like the suppuration of a great sore; the exploiting politicians are merely the instruments of a natural law. Now that the knife has been laid to the ulcer, there is nothing for it but to cut it out, and the more cleanly and promptly the operation is performed the better. In other words, the more thoroughly the Chamber is purged of its "Panamists" at the approaching General Election, the better it will be for the Republic and for France; whereas if, as is only too probable, any reaction brought about by the Millevoeye affair should blunt the keenness of the French voter's feelings with regard to that source of national peril and national dishonour, French political health will have suffered a further very serious injury.

The worst danger that could befall the Republic now would be that it should fall once again into the hands of the men who have already betrayed it, who, by their orgie of corruption, brought it to such a pass that at one moment only the absence of a Boulanger or a serious Pretender saved it from another downfall. M. Millevoeye's ridiculous tale of British ambassadors and French kept journalists may be a figment of the imagination, but Baron Reinach's kept Deputies are no figment of the imagination. They are all, with one exception, in the Chamber still. The one exception, a Cabinet Minister who demanded and received a million francs as his price for letting a Bill pass, is now in penal servitude. He is simply

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less fortunate than some of his colleagues. M. Rouvier, who avowed in the tribune having obtained from one of the shady financiers of the period funds for his election and the elections of some of his friends, and who turned on the occupants of the Ministers' bench and told them that they knew they would not be there had he not done so, is not an imaginary but a very real personage. Baron Reinach and Dr. Herz are not inventions, and the men whose traitorous corruptibility enabled this pair of German Jews to "run" the Republic of France, as if it were some miserable agent of their schemes, are still amongst the Opportunist majority of the Chamber. The present Chamber is in fact thoroughly rotten. It would rehabilitate all these men to-morrow if it got the chance. Indeed, the rehabilitation of M. Rouvier has already gone so far that the other day he was able ostentatiously to decline no less a position than the presidency of the most important financial committee of the Chamber, the Budget Committee, a post which actually went to another Panamist, M. Burdeau, a gentleman convicted of having ferociously written down the Panama scheme in his paper, and then written it up with equal fervour as soon as his blackmail had been paid. If the nation does not deal with these men more severely than the Chamber, if, as a consequence of the Pigottesque fiasco of which M. Millevoye is the hero, it should even treat them with an apathetic tolerance, it will be a bad day's work for France. Should these men come back and again get possession of the Republic, all the old materials of distrust will be present, and all the old dangers will be revived. It will simply be covering over the ulcer instead of extirpating it. Men who have sold their country once will be ready to sell it again. Men who have made French politics a bye-word and a disgrace before the world, ought, for the honour and welfare of France, to be excluded from French politics at the first opportunity presented to the electorate. Not otherwise will the Republic be established on a wholesome basis. Wherefore, much as we wish to see the era of scandal at an end, we think it will be well if French voters do not forget this scandal just yet, but keep it very keenly in mind until after the General Election. "Remember Panama!" would, in truth, be the most salutary election-ery with which patriotic Republicans could appeal to their countrymen.

PARTIES IN AN IRISH PARLIAMENT.

MR. REDMOND'S bitter attack on the Government and his fellow-Nationalists, following so rapidly on the dispute between Mr. Sexton and Mr. Healy, has doubtless set people thinking. What does it all mean? The *Times*, after the manner of its kind, suggests that the Irish Nationalists are displaying the fissiparous tendencies which are common to all low organisms. Unionist speakers are saying that the argument of despair has been disposed of, for it cannot be impossible with a little steady British patience to beat opponents so disorganised. Ireland, with a diminishing population and an increasing number of political groups, cannot be hard to defeat. We do not altogether blame the Unionists. If we wished either to taunt or trample on Ireland, or to absorb or obliterate the Irish, we might feel and speak as they do. They over-estimate possibly the importance of union among Irish Nationalists for the purpose of carrying on that guerilla warfare in the House of Commons which was in some ways the most effective way of compelling attention to Irish grievances. But still division does undoubtedly diminish the

strength of the Nationalist members, whether as allies or opponents, and if we had only taken up Home Rule as a *pis aller* we might feel inclined to drop it. Believing, however, that Home Rule is just and desirable as well as necessary, believing that we owe it to the Irish people if not to the Irish parties, we pause to consider what we have to learn from the history of those divisions as to the probable working of Home Rule.

Seven years ago many people looked upon Home Rule as the handing over of Ireland to the absolute power of a single party and a single leader. With eighty-five out of one hundred and three Irish members working together under rules of discipline stricter than were ever known in an English party, under the dominance of perhaps the most powerful will ever known in English politics, it might well seem that the minority in Ireland would exercise no influence in an Irish Parliament. Mr. Parnell was still a young man. His personal power was used so cautiously that it might have been expected to be permanent. There seemed no reason on the face of things why Home Rule should not mean thirty or forty years of Parnell rule. We do not say that this would necessarily have been a misfortune for Ireland. Before 1881 and after 1890 Mr. Parnell, struggling desperately for the mastery, may have relied on revolutionary support. But when he was strong he was also moderate, and he would have been as anxious to work with Orangemen who acquiesced in Home Rule as M. Constans is to welcome converted Royalists. Still, it would have been a dangerous state of things. It is never good for any party to be too strong. The American Republicans after the War of Secession had their scandals. The French Republicans had their Panama. And the position of an Ulsterman, with the hope of being patronised after an informal recantation, would not have been a very pleasant one. Many of those who hoped for good government in Ireland had perforce to prophesy that Irish Nationalists would split up into parties. The prophecy has been fulfilled a little sooner than one could have wished. It is at least quite clear that no existing party and no existing politician will have the exclusive control of Irish affairs.

Englishmen however, seeing the division, are apt to run at once to the conclusion that as there will be distinct parties in Ireland under Home Rule the line of division will be much the same as that between English parties. It may be that Ireland will have its Liberals and Conservatives. To some extent the great natural division between standing still and going forward must show itself. But it would be rash to suppose that things will work out at once just as they do with us. Party is largely a matter of name, and neither the name Liberal nor the name Conservative is very popular in Ireland. Even the Orangeman is not fond of calling himself a Conservative, while over a great part of the country Liberal is almost synonymous with place-hunter. Existing divisions, too, have a tendency to last even when they have no reason for continuance, and great and real economic differences may divide politicians without becoming the dividing line between parties. The Tariff Question is a very real one in France, but it has not become a party question. So that while it is rash to prophesy at all, it would be safer to back the field than the favourite. The Irish Parliament is more likely to be divided on lines of its own than on our lines.

The first Irish Parliament will in all probability not be divided very differently from the present Irish representation. Some Nationalist constituencies will return *intransigents*, but most will prefer members pledged to a policy of moderate reform and national consolidation during the provisional period. The

Unionist constituencies (assuming that they do not carry out the insane policy of abstention) will return members whose duty will be to safeguard the Protestant minority, and perhaps to harass the Catholic majority. But, if we are to trust present appearances, the Centre party will not be very firmly united. It may be held together by the devices of Opportunism, or it may be split into two nearly equal sections, neither numerous enough to form a Government, or it may gradually shed off its less moderate elements. We think the last course the most probable. The constituencies west of the Shannon and the town labourers of Munster and Leinster, impregnated more or less with Parnellism now, would be quick to grumble at the slowness of the Centre party in producing an earthly paradise. Mr. Redmond might find himself—perhaps reinforced by Mr. Dillon and Mr. O'Brien—at the head of a considerable Radical section. The Centre mind, on the other hand, wishing for a quiet life and disliking financial extravagance, would be strong and perhaps predominant in Leinster and Munster. What, then, would Ulster do? On all questions except the religious question, Ulstermen would, for the most part, side with the Moderate party. The Presbyterian farmer has much the same habits of mind on governmental questions as the Catholic farmer of the midlands. But the Orange democrats of the Ulster towns care a great deal more about the Pope than they do for economics, and would prefer a Radical party opposed to the priests to a Moderate party supported by them. Ulster might, hesitating between two antipathies, remain like the French Royalists, able to cause the downfall of a Moderate Government, but not able to form a Ministry of its own. But we think it much more likely that Ulster itself would be divided, and that the country vote would be given to the Moderate party, while irreconcilables would still be returned by the towns. Without Ulster support the Moderates could not hope for a majority in both Houses. The Moderate party would be compelled, from the very necessities of its constitution, to avoid excess either on religious or economic questions.

All this is speculation, but it is not mere dreaming. We know two things which help us to form a conclusion. We know the sort of work the Irish Parliament will have to do, and we know the sort of men who will be sent to do it. The work of the Irish Parliament, though deeply interesting, will not be exciting work. It will be like the work of a municipality, or of an American State Legislature. But, unlike the people of an American State, the mass of the voters—keen politicians now—will keep a very close watch on their legislators. Any financial blunder, any New Tipperary, will be speedily punished, and the voters will look out not so much for orators or lawyers as for practical men. The present leaders of the Irish party will be replaced by others, if and so far as they do not show skill as practical administrators. We have French experience to guide us. It would not be fair to argue from the First Republic, for the guillotine prevented the men of the Convention from subsequently dominating France. But how many of the brilliant journalists and rhetoricians who thundered against the Second Empire have had any considerable power under the Third Republic? At each recurring election the electors are seeking more and more for local and practical candidates. So it will be in Ireland. The more violent, whether on the Northern or the Southern side, who have been chosen because they were active combatants, will either disappear or take refuge in extreme constituencies. Government by a Centre party is not ideal government. But if the Centre party is composed of men of different religions, practical business men rather than rasping rhetoricians, it will give

Ireland the best and quietest government she has ever had.

SILVER AND INDIA.

THE decision of the Indian Government not henceforward to coin silver for private parties seems likely before long to take away its character as a precious metal and reduce it to the more vulgar rank of copper, tin, and lead. From time immemorial it has been a standard of value over the greater part of the world; now it is about to cease being so in every civilised country. It is almost inevitable that the United States Congress, when it meets in the autumn, will repeal the Silver Purchase Act. Even those members who are most opposed to the repeal must be convinced by the action of the Indian Government that it is useless for the United States to attempt to keep up the value of silver. If the United States repeals the Sherman Act, then silver will, no doubt, be money in countries like Mexico, China, and Japan, but it will cease to be a standard of value in any civilised country. A large amount of token money will remain, as with ourselves, and in countries like France and the United States a very large amount of legal-tender silver money will also remain current. But no more silver can be coined except by the Governments. No private man can send the metal to the Mints and have it coined as he pleases. That being so, nobody can foresee how great will be the fall in the price of the metal. On Saturday the price in London was 37½d. per ounce; on Monday it fell to 36d., and on Tuesday to 35d.—a fall of 2½d. per ounce in only two days, or 6½ per cent. In all probability many of the silver mines will be closed—most of those which produce pure silver. The mines which yield a large proportion of other ores, however, will continue to be worked, and in that way the outturn will in all likelihood be very large. If so, and if the monetary demand is to be so greatly reduced, the probability seems to be that the price of silver will fall gradually but steadily until some new use is discovered and the metal takes its place as the material of some important industry. It is reasonable to suppose that even the demand for ornaments will greatly fall off—for instance, as plate. If silver becomes very cheap it will not minister to the ostentation of the rich, and consequently will not be prized. But it is more important just now to inquire what will be the effect upon India of the new policy adopted by its Government.

Hitherto everyone was free to send silver to the Indian Mints and have it coined at a very slight charge; in future the Indian Government will not accept silver for coinage from others, though it retains the power to coin itself as it may please. As, however, the Government intends to maintain, if it can, the value of the rupee at 1s. 4d. of our money, it is evident that the Government must not coin much silver or else it will inevitably fail. The other day the value of the rupee was not quite 1s. 2½d.; it has been raised gradually to about 1s. 4d. by the belief that the coinage was to be stopped. If the Government coins very little, then the hope is that the rupee will gradually become so scarce that it will be maintained at a fixed value. Furthermore, the Indian Government proposes to adopt gold as the standard of value. In future, it will be understood from what has just been said that the value of the rupee will not be determined, as always hitherto in the history of the world it has been determined, by the quantity of pure silver it contains. It will be determined by the arbitrary action of the Indian Government; consequently silver will no longer be a standard of value in India. The Government recognises this and it proposes to adopt gold as the

standard. At the same time, however, it does not intend to introduce a gold currency. It recognises that to raise a great loan for the purpose of buying gold would be too costly for so poor a country as India, and consequently, although it alleges that the standard of value is to be gold, it will not provide a gold currency. The real currency of the country—the real money, that is—will remain rupees, but the rupees will have an arbitrary value affixed by the action of the Government. Still, the Government will endeavour, as far as it may without incurring extravagant cost, to provide some amount of gold. It will receive gold at the Mints and it will also accept gold in payment of taxes and duties in the ratio of an English sovereign to fifteen rupees. Whether gold will in fact be sent to the Mints to be coined remains to be seen. The Indian population is very poor and the value of ordinary transactions is very small. For the great mass of the people gold is too precious a metal. But, of course, gold would be very suitable for the native princes, merchants, and large capitalists, and it is possible that some gold may be coined; at all events, it is certain that there has been a large import of gold for many years, averaging about four millions sterling per annum. The gold has been hoarded and made into ornaments, and it is possible that if the Government is willing to take gold and coin it, a certain small gold currency may be gradually introduced. In the meantime, however, India will be without any real standard of value. Nominally the standard will be gold, but there will be no gold to make that good. The real money will consist of rupees which will be very much higher than their intrinsic worth, will have a fictitious value of their own affixed to them by the action of the Government.

So far as the Government itself is concerned, there can be no doubt at all that its position will be improved. It has to pay in London every year nearly nineteen millions sterling for what are called the Home Charges—salaries, pensions, interest on debt, prices of materials, and the like. It raises its own revenue in silver, and all these payments in London have to be made in gold. In exchanging the silver for the gold there has been a heavy loss, according to the Indian official way of putting the matter, ever since silver began to depreciate in 1872, and the loss has become heavier and heavier the more pronounced became the depreciation of silver. If the Indian Government can fix the value of the rupee at 1s. 4d. all further loss by exchange will, of course, be stopped; in fact, in future it will lose less than it has been losing in the recent past. So, again, there is no doubt that Europeans resident in India and having to send home money either for the maintenance of their families or for investment will be benefited just in the same way that the Indian Government will be benefited. Lastly, Indian railway companies and the like, which earn their profits in India and remit those profits for distribution in England, will likewise be benefited, and English merchants exporting goods to India will be benefited. They will know how many rupees they will get for their sovereigns, and so will be able to conduct their business on a more stable and certain basis. On the other hand, India will be placed at a disadvantage in her competition with other silver-using countries, as, for example, with China. For many years past she has been driving China out of the tea trade. Now, for every pound's worth of tea she sells in England she will get only fifteen rupees, whereas the more silver falls the more of local currency the Chinese tea merchant will get for his pound's worth of tea. Finally, the Indian people will suffer in another way. From time immemorial they have been in the habit of hoarding silver. Most of the silver is in the form

of ornaments. But if the hoarder falls into distress he can always turn his silver into money, getting almost as many rupees as it can be coined into, allowing for a small charge made by the Mint. In future the Mint will not take his silver, and it is quite possible that the hoards may be immensely depreciated—may not be worth possibly half the number of rupees which the hoarders gave for them originally. The danger is that when the natives wake up to this fact there may be much discontent.

FINANCE.

THE decision of the Indian Government to stop the free coinage of silver, which we explain elsewhere, has intensified the crisis through which the world is passing, and is likely to be followed by grave troubles in many countries. The trade with the silver-using countries will clearly be thrown out of gear, for a while, at all events, and the silver-producing countries will be greatly impoverished. Especially will this be the case with Mexico. The Mexican silver mines are exceptionally pure—they contain a much larger proportion of silver, that is to say, than the mines of most other countries—and it looks now as if silver must fall so low that it will be scarcely possible to continue working very many of the mines. If so, Mexico will have much less to sell to the rest of the world than she hitherto has been able to dispose of, and for the smaller quantity she will get a much lower price. It is only too probable, therefore, that her people will be impoverished, and that wages will fall. The Government, too, has a considerable foreign gold debt, and if silver continues to fall, as is now generally expected, it is difficult to see how Mexico can raise enough of silver money by taxation to pay the gold interest. As a matter of course, then, there has been a heavy fall this week in Mexican Government bonds and in the securities of the different Mexican railway companies, and the fall has very much affected the Berlin Bourse, where the Government bonds are very largely held. The action of the Indian Government, too, increases the difficulties of the United States. It is probable that the American silver mines will not suffer so much as those of Mexico, for most of them contain other ores, such as gold, copper, lead, and so on, and it may be possible to continue mining for those other ores, however low silver may fall. But all the same, some of the mines will be made unprofitable, and those which may be kept open will work under difficulties. If silver mining is much interfered with, the railways which depend mainly for their traffic upon the prosperity of mining will likewise suffer, and hence there has been a considerable fall in the securities of those companies, especially in those of the Denver Railway. But the most serious effect of all is that upon the currency crisis. Everybody now takes it for granted that Congress will have to repeal the Sherman Act, but in the meantime the silver dollar is really worth in the market little more than half the value which the law attaches to it. Will it be possible to keep these dollars at par, as well as the paper representing them? And if it is not possible, gold will be hoarded, and the crisis may rapidly degenerate into a panic. Clearly the crisis has been intensified everywhere this week. In New York, for instance, money has sometimes been as high as 50 per cent. That may be an exceptional rate, but that it should have been demanded at all shows how serious are the fears that prevail.

Naturally the Stock Exchange is paralysed. Fortunately business has been very stagnant for a considerable time past. At the fortnightly settlement, which began on Tuesday morning, Stock Exchange borrowers were able to obtain all the loans they required from the banks at from $2\frac{1}{4}$ to $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.,

and within the Exchange the carrying-over rates were very light, showing that speculation had been much restricted during the preceding fortnight. The Stock Exchange, therefore, is in a much less dangerous state than it generally is; but, for all that, the fall in very many securities has been severe, and the losses in several quarters must be heavy. Unfortunately, losses have been large time after time for three years now, and a comparatively small further loss falls more heavily upon members of the Exchange than it otherwise would. Not a few failures, therefore, are apprehended. In the United States nobody doubts that the number of failures must greatly increase. There have been very many of them during the past few months, though none of them have been of great magnitude. There are rumours now, however, that serious failures are impending, and it is feared likewise that considerable troubles will be experienced in Berlin. One great bank in particular has engaged largely in Mexican securities. Whether it holds much of those securities is not known, but that it has advanced on a very considerable scale to speculators is not doubted. If these should be unable to meet their engagements there are fears that the bank may be affected. The fears may be exaggerated; but that there are serious difficulties cannot be doubted, for Berlin for a day or two has been selling all sorts of securities in London and Paris at such a rate, and, in spite of a sharp fall, that it is evident the sellers must have money at any cost. How far France will be affected remains to be seen. She has an immense quantity of silver in circulation; the Bank of France alone holds over fifty-one millions sterling of the metal. If silver falls, as is now only too probable, will it be possible to keep the silver at par? And if it is not, will the credit of the Bank of France suffer? And how will the Government meet the emergency? Then again, what will be the consequences to the banks doing business in China, Japan, the Straits Settlements, and the Mauritius? The problems are so numerous and so grave that it is little wonder the public mind is confused and apprehensive, and it is only too likely, therefore, that we have before us a trying time.

THE CRICKET SEASON.

THE English cricket season is in its zenith, and it has produced, up to the present, as notable results as any one of the long line of its predecessors. English batsmen in the days of Mynn and Carpenter and Hayward were not to be despised; but, *pace* Mr. Daft, we doubt whether they had quite the same kind of opposition from bowlers and the field as their successors encounter to-day. They had also, we admit, worse wickets, though some Yorkshire and Surrey pitches in the earlier days of the summer could have given points in badness to a good few village greens. But had they a Stoddart, had they a Grace? We, firm believers in the unlimited margin of "betterment," doubt it. In any case, the driest of summers has produced an almost incomparable record in the way of run-getting. Already two great batsmen are well past their thousand runs, the highest English batting average is rising to figures that recall the wonder-working days of Grace at his best, and the doctor himself is well near his forty successful innings. Mr. Stoddart rarely fails, and in grace and power of execution at the wicket is, we think, a cricketer beyond compare. It seems a little ungraceful, but we cannot accord to the interesting and strong Australian teams now competing with our crack elevens anything like the supreme pre-eminence either in batting or in bowling which we still claim for the nursery and home of cricket. Their averages, both in bowling and batting, sink far below those of our best performers, professional and amateur. They have won some of their matches—including that against a not over-

representative team of players—with great spirit; but on a wet wicket they have invariably gone to pieces. Mr. Lyons is as inspiring as ever on his day, but an element of trickiness in the wicket puts him completely out of form. Turner is not the bowler he was, and no one can compare Trumble and Giffen with Peel and Briggs. What the Australians possess is an uncertain but real grit, a capacity for rather fitful brilliancy which now and then throws a sound English team well into the shade. They are great at a speculative game; they play with extreme pluck: now and then their fielding tops anything that can be seen on an English cricket field. But unless Fortune—the jade—gives them continuously of her favours, they must expect a continued measure of the reverses that they bear with so much good temper.

Turning to county cricket, we may perhaps regard one great turn of success as inevitable. The championship has all but fallen from Surrey's hands, and, unless she wins her second Yorkshire match, she must for the moment yield the crown she has borne so long and so proudly. The loss—we hope only the temporary loss—of Lohmann, the best medium bowler, the best field, and, perhaps, the most scientific cricketer of his day, accounts in a measure for her decline, though Lohmann's absence has been in no small degree balanced by Richardson's magical development into the greatest fast bowler of his time. Richardson's pace is tremendous. The ball he delivers is very straight and good as to length, and, though he commands a break, his deadly characteristic is the appallingly rapid lift from the ground, especially of the "yorker." Very strong, very tall, with very long arms, he is a picture of youthful force, and if his eleven does not wear him out too rapidly, he may still help to bear Surrey back to her place of pride. For the rest, her decline, and it is not either a serious or an irretrievable one, is due more than anything to the tendency to staleness and caution which peculiarly besets her experienced team, largely made up of professionals. It is this vice which keeps back Notts—albeit a rapidly improving Notts—in her struggle for the premiership. Middlesex's triumph this year is, on the other hand, a pure victory of dash. The second victory over Surrey is, above all, Mr. Stoddart's trophy, but it was also due to a certain *elan* in which a crack amateur team, backed by professional bowling, excels. Gloucestershire had it in the old days, and Somerset blazed out with it in too brief glory last year. The Cambridge eleven possesses it to perfection, and with such batsmen as Mr. Jackson, and that most charming and finished of cricketers, Mr. Ranjitsinhji, reveal to us what a glorious thing it is to be young and make boundary hits. But of all notable cricketing events, the most remarkable is the rise of Yorkshire. Middlesex and Surrey, with wealth, the metropolitan position, and the pick of young English professionals, must always do well. But Yorkshire has a harder battle, and only local patriotism to sustain her in it. Withal, she has done amazingly well, and her eleven presents a solid and powerful combination of new and young blood. In the field she unquestionably takes the lead among the first-class counties, and for that reason alone, has a fair chance of wearing down all her rivals. She has, perhaps, no batsmen to compare with Mr. Stoddart, Dr. Grace, Shrewsbury, and Gunn, or even, perhaps, Mr. Read, but her level of achievement is high and continuous. As for her bowling, she stands, since the rise of Hirst, almost unequalled. Richardson and Lockwood may be rather more deadly than Hirst and Peel, but Surrey has no such reserve trundlers as Wainwright, Moorhouse, Wardall, Brown, and Ulyett. If the season ends as it has begun, in drought, she may find her want of the finest type of batsman—although she possesses all but this—a little trying. But her all-round excellence is so remarkable, her old players have recovered their form so amazingly, and her new ones have so persistently turned up trumps,

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that the sympathies of the whole cricketing world are with her. If the laurel is to fall from Surrey's brow, let it go, by general verdict, to Yorkshire's ample front.

PLOUGHBOY ARTISTS.

THOUSANDS of pounds have been squandered by the County Councils of our English counties in technical education, not, of course, out of love of squandering, but because they did not know what to do with the money placed at their disposal. Lecturers were summoned to discourse to empty benches, and were handsomely remunerated for their unprofitable labours. Any applicant for a grant who could pretend to be doing something towards the culture of small industries was listened to and rewarded. It is an open secret that the County Councillors admit that the vast sums they have been given to distribute for the advancement of technical education have been spent with no results to show for the expenditure.

Home industries are delicate and difficult bantlings in their early years, but when once they have got over their first difficulties are well able to stand on their own feet and support themselves. It is whilst they are in the cradle that assistance is needed; nay, it is rather the cradle that has to be provided for them before they can be brought into existence.

The story of such an industry that is now self-supporting may show both what is feasible and what is not.

In the South of Devon near Newton Abbot is the village of Kingskerswell, and there, in 1881, an art school was opened in a widow's cottage by a village doctor, since deceased. He was a kindly, popular man, and he induced the boys of the first class in the Sunday-school to attend the art school. The cottage was very humble, not even built of brick or stone, but of clay, and was thatched. With a good fire it was made cosy of an evening, and on the deal table, seated on forms, the lads made their first essays at pothooks and straight lines.

In order to make the venture self-supporting from the beginning, the pupils undertook to organise "social evenings" once a fortnight, at which there would be recitations, songs, readings in the cottage kitchen, and a cap at the door would receive contributions. This answered. From the first it was resolved not to solicit subscriptions from well-wishers, but for the lads to maintain this art school by their own efforts. It progressed. The stiff fingers of the ploughboys became relaxed, the young fellows developed considerable artistic ability, an adjoining shed was converted into a workshop with carpenter's bench and chest of tools.

In the same parish was a tile-yard, in which drain-pipes were made. The factory was burned down, and the proprietor, interested in the art classes, resolved to reconstruct his premises for art-pottery, so as to form a field in which the talents of the pupils might be exercised.

But in the classes—which were for boys and girls together—the application of art ideas was not taught, only the principles of art. Thus the pupils were prepared to apply these principles in several ways—the girls in art-needlework and lace, the boys in wood-carving, ornamental metal-work, and in pottery.

Children were encouraged to exercise their dawning faculties. They were given little pats of clay to convert into pin-trays, and to decorate as suited their fancy. As they became more skilled, they were furnished with jars which they were to ornament at home, and were urged by their teacher never to copy servilely but to observe nature and reproduce what they observed with a certain freedom of treatment.

Thus the children studied the flowers, foliage, insects, and animals about them, and copied them as

best they could. But as they had been taught that the principle of true decoration consists in evenly filling the space to be decorated, they conventionalised what they saw to make it suit the space that had to be filled.

One spring, over all the jars, plates, pitchers, pin-trays that were brought to the works appeared tadpoles. The brooks and pools had, in fact, swarmed with these ungainly creatures, and the children had seen them, and excogitated therefrom a decorative design which has since remained persistent in the Aller Vale pottery.

As the art feeling grew, it took, as already said, several directions, and the village lads have grown as skilful and sound in their metal work as in pottery decoration. Chip-carving is also largely done by them.

The result is that orders flow in from all quarters, and the boys and girls, who would have been forced to leave home and enter into service, remain, and earn good sums by their work in their own cottages. There are instances of yeomen families where the paternal farm, that has descended through many generations, is unable to sustain all the children. They have been constrained to seek their fortunes elsewhere. Now it is otherwise; they have no inducement to leave the homes they love and regard with pride. It does more—this cultivation of art—it finds employment for the sickly and bedridden, and, further, it amuses such by the exercise of their inventive faculties. Even when art is not present in a faculty, it finds occupation for the hands in supplemental work.

At the present moment there is engaged on the works a bright-eyed boy who is an idiot. There is one branch of pottery manual labour he is competent to execute, and he does it, and does it well, labour that would be tedious and mentally deadening to an active intelligence, but it suits him exactly. Another boy was the despair of the village—he lacked somehow the faculty of getting on in anything he took up. He could not draw a straight furrow, he could not hedge, wall; he was useless as a carpenter. He was put at pottery; for a couple of years he made no progress, then suddenly flashed out as a skilful and original artist, and is now entrusted with decorating the finest ware.

The principle of doing a thing well is to do it with the whole heart. Men, boys, girls must be interested in their work or they will do it unintelligently. In the Aller works the young people are never allowed to copy. They are shown a piece of sound decoration, its principle is explained to them, its merits indicated, and then they are required to reproduce on those lines, exercising their own creative powers, but never to imitate. This gives spontaneity. It educates; it interests; it delights. Work is not drudgery, it is a joy and is play. The artisan is not made into a machine, he grows in mind and culture every day. He learns to observe as he walks abroad, and he applies what he observes in his daily work.

Now the whole of the Kingskerswell art work has been self-supporting from the commencement; but there was the instruction given gratis by those who started the schools. Competent instructors are not to be found everywhere, and here it is that the County Councils may assist. They can supply teachers of the principles of art. If they attempt to teach the appliance they touch many interests. They interfere with the apprenticeship of lads to trades; they awake the jealousy of the trades. Let right artistic principle be taught, and those taught will apply it in their own way, as they find opportunity.

It would be fatal, again, were competition in one branch, say that of art pottery, to be fast and furious. What should be done before starting an industry in a village is to look round and see what there is in the place locally provided—wood, stone, clay—then to ascertain what imports there are from a distance, and when these two points are determined

to see whether it is not possible on the spot to develop an industry which can supply the immediate neighbourhood with what is locally needed, and which costs much in transport from a distance. Much artistic work can be best executed at home—needle-work, lace, wood-carving—and these can be sent to depôts. Home production is what is desired, and not factory labour.

"HASTE TO THE WEDDING."

THOUGH there is to be no public holiday next Thursday; though the taxpayer would resent any corporate wedding-present at his expense; though the organised campaign of subscriptions to provide Princess May with a thousand and one things which she already possesses in great profusion has not been brilliantly successful; though the Social Democrat rages at the street-corner against the cost of royalty; though the clubman complains of the price he is asked to pay for seats in the club windows to view the wedding procession, and, in some instances, of actual expulsion from his favourite haunt unless he submits to the impost either for a seat or for an extravagant luncheon; though the cynic scoffs at the marriage odes, and assures you that the great heart of the People (capital P) is not enraptured by the nuptials of the illustrious pair (small p); though this is true in the sense that life is too hard for the vast mass of toilers to let them appreciate that sentiment of king-worship which in the old days made the fountains run with wine, and the complete ox roast and sputter on the spit in the open street—yet the public interest in the ceremony next week will be exuberant enough.

Royalty apart, this wedding has some striking elements of human interest. It is the fruition of a popular wish. When the Duke of Clarence died, there was a tremendous outpouring of sympathy with the young girl who was robbed at once of a husband and of the succession to a throne. The popular goodwill promptly set about the task of providing compensation. Why should not the bereaved Princess marry the new heir of the dynasty? The idea grew, till it passed from suggestion into prophecy. The Duke of York and his cousin could not meet in the most uneventful way without a busy and benevolent rumour wagging its head slyly over this proof of a tender attachment. If they took a walk in Richmond Park, the fact was trumpeted through the length and breadth of the land, and every tea-table wondered when the engagement would be announced. If there ever was a marriage by public opinion, it is this union which will be commended by the multitude in the London streets next Thursday as a joy of their own devising. Certainly every woman who smiles a greeting to the Prince and his bride will feel that she has had a share in this piece of national match-making. If it were the case of a private citizen marrying the woman who had been betrothed to his brother, the sentiments of the kindred on both sides and of the disinterested onlookers might have taken the discouraging form of criticism. But the rules which make etiquette, and even virtue, for private lives are apt to get obliterated when we are dealing with exalted personages. Besides, the Duke of York was bound to marry somebody, and why, in the name of all that's Imperial, should he not marry the Princess who, but for a stroke of fate, would have been his sister-in-law? Nay, had Princess May actually wedded the Duke of Clarence, and lost him during the honeymoon, we believe the law which prohibits marriage with a deceased wife's sister, and also with a deceased husband's brother, would have had a short shrift.

Then the people dearly love a sailor, and the lass that loves a Sailor-Prince has a special portion of their regard. It happens, too, that just now the whole nation is intensely proud—not, perhaps, of the scien-

tific genius which constructs its war-ships, but of the chivalry, courage, and self-devotion which have shed new lustre on our Navy. Whatever qualities Prince George may have for the profession in which he has been trained, he shares its picturesque appeal to sympathies which go out much more readily and heartily to the seaman than to the soldier. It is no small advantage to the dynasty that our future Sovereign will have intimate associations with the service which holds so much of the national pride. But after all, the Royal Wedding has its most vivid interest for our womankind. What is the use of discoursing on the theory of Republican institutions and the cost of a reigning family to women who have seen the presents at White Lodge, or who will see them at the Imperial Institute? The feminine pilgrims who trudged through the rain in the hope of feasting their eyes on the clocks and the bowls and the vases, and the works of Browning presented by Mr. Goschen, and the works of Alfred Austin "presented by himself," with what patience would they have listened to a Social Democrat who waylaid them with a lecture on the wasteful expenditure of crowned heads? Mr. Rudyard Kipling, in one of his moments of sublime wisdom, tells us that the world recks little of the debt it owes to the providential sagacity of monarchs, who, without making any parade of their benevolence, save us from incalculable disasters, and are rewarded with base ingratitude by democracies. Had Mr. Kipling expounded this philosophy on the muddy way to White Lodge, he would have won no more heed than the most truculent critic of royalty. No eloquence in the world could have arrested a procession of women bent on viewing the wedding-presents of a Princess. Many of them were disappointed of their quest, and returned home wet and weary; but had the same opportunity been afforded them next day, they would have made the same pilgrimage; they would even have contemplated with reverential awe the works of Alfred Austin "presented by himself," and not inclusive, we presume, of the poem which condemned Princess May to perpetual maidenhood. They would have speculated whether the illustrious pair would regale themselves in the honeymoon with the works of Browning presented by Mr. Goschen. It is a mistake to suppose that this feminine enthusiasm is confined to the "classes." The story that pressure has been put upon poor children in Board Schools to subscribe their scanty pence towards wedding-gifts has brought retribution on the citizen who first protested against this tyranny in the newspapers. He wrote a piteous letter to the Chairman of the London School Board, imploring that august official to visit a humble dwelling and pacify an angry woman who was making life a torment to her husband by her reproaches of his public spirit. Even in the citadel of the Social Democrat there is sometimes a formidably ally of the sentiment which delights to lavish even the smallest tokens of affectionate goodwill on a royal bride.

It is plain that the purely human interest of a marriage which has such special associations must triumph over the most solemn principles, whether of democracy or of rule by right divine. The union of two young people who may one day sit together on a throne has an inexhaustible fascination for a vast number of the otherwise prosaic. It may be said, indeed, that nothing strengthens the monarchy so much in this country as a popular wedding. Marrying and giving in marriage may contribute not a little to the sum of affliction; but the incorrigible spirit of romance breaks through the thickest crust of pessimism when the eyes of the country are fixed upon a marriage which is like the ideal of the story-books. Through all the chances and changes of mortality the world continues to cherish the hope of a felicity which survives creeds and withstands all disillusion. In many a household where the brightest augury has brought nothing but bitterness or dull acquiescence in an irksome yoke the rejoicings

on Thursday will find an echo, if it be only that of sympathetic curiosity. From the unweeded garden of disappointed lives many may watch with kindly emotion the promising blossoms which we trust will know no canker.

THE DRAMA.

THE COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE—THE DALY COMPANY.

ON the first night of *Henri III. et sa Cour* the Duc d'Orléans retained the whole of the circle, and stood up, bareheaded, to hear the author's name announced. Dumas' own account of this *première* reads so like a fairy tale as to have been long suspect. But the testimony of eye-witnesses (e.g., Alphonse Royer and, quite recently, Charles Séchan) has since confirmed it in every particular. The boxes fetched twenty louis apiece. The Malibran could only find a place in the third tier; she was seen leaning right out of her seat, and, to keep herself from falling, holding on to a column with both hands. Victor Hugo and Alfred de Vigny had not been able to get seats; Dumas found room for them in his sister's box." I ask no pardon for quoting from myself, for in reprinting the foregoing passage I am really imposing upon myself what Halvard Solness calls "a sort of salutary self-torture." I contrast the enthusiasm stirred in me by Dumas' own account (in "Mes Mémoires") of the first performance of *Henri III.* in Paris (1829) with the dismal disappointment I experienced at the first performance of the play in London last week. Decidedly there are some plays which it is better to read about than to read—to read than to see; and this, to my mind, is one of them. If I could interrogate the ghost of the Malibran, I should feel bound to ask it, "What leant ye out for to see?" Surely it cannot have been the hanky-panky magic-mirror business of the first act? Nor the fee-faw-fum business of the iron gauntlet in the third? Nor the rope-ladder and exit-from-the-window business (why cannot one use the excellent word *defenestration*?) of the fifth? And, if not these, what then? The brain reels at the thought that the Malibran, or anyone else, could have leant out of a box in the eager desire to see the sham historical Court scenes of acts two and four. In short, the piece is now hopelessly out of date, amazingly ill-written (the author has not even been at the pains to "jine his flats"), a puerile love story sandwiched between layers of crude anecdotic history taken straight from the pages of Anquetil. Its original vogue gives one a queer idea of the theatrical public of 1829, and of what the other plays must have been like to which this one was found a welcome relief. Let it be conceded that the *mignons* wear some pretty costumes, and that a Civil Service Examiner might concoct a neat set of historical questions out of the laboriously allusive dialogue: as thus:—

- (1) Give in English currency the precise value of a *pétrus*.
- (2) "Toi qui es ami de Ronsard." State what you know about Ronsard, and quote any reference in his poems to Saint-Mégrin.
- (3) When were *sarbacanes* first seen at Court, and what was their connection, if any, with the League of the "Sainte Union"?
- (4) "Tête-Dieu," "Ventre Saint-Gris," "Seigneur et Maître." Calculate roughly the number of times these expressions occur in the play.
- (5) "Qu'on me cherche les mêmes hommes qui ont assassiné Du Gast." Who were they? And why did they assassinate Du Gast?

Be it added that M. Worms, as Henri III., made a capital bantam-cockerel of a king; that M. Febvre as the Duc de Guise was as polished as a gentleman who crushes his wife's wrist with a steel gauntlet could reasonably be expected to be; that Mme. Pierson was *teres atque rotunda* as Catherine de Medicis (quite in accordance with the description of

Brantôme); and that Mlle. Brandès failed to make anything of the part of the Duchesse de Guise.

On successive nights we have had Mlle. Bartet as the heroine of two very different plays—*Francillon* and *Adrienne Lecouvreur*—and I should be puzzled to say which was the more delightful performance of the two. In England we are accustomed to associate both characters with Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, but in both Mme. Bernhardt is undoubtedly inferior to Mlle. Bartet. Here is the Nemesis of the "star" system! Mme. Bernhardt has come to play both parts out of the picture, exaggerates all the "points," making *Francillon* a she-panther, and *Adrienne* a cooing dove. With Mlle. Bartet they are both tender, true, rational women. It is this very rationality of *Francillon* which is of the essence of the character. As soon as Mme. Bernhardt comes on the stage you see that she is an exceptional, bizarre creature, capable of any wild freak, and her peccant husband's astonishment when she proceeds to act upon the principle of "œil pour œil, dent pour dent," strikes you as rather foolish. One should be astonished at nothing from Mme. Bernhardt's *Francillon*. But Mlle. Bartet, playing the character at normal pitch, as an ordinary woman, who applies ordinary principles of logic and justice a little more rigorously than the rest of her sex, a woman who has never read Mr. John Morley on "Compromise," exactly realises M. Dumas' conception of the character. Add that the actress's *Adrienne* is a thing of perfect suavity—last-century suavity, like a picture by Greuze, a verse by Florian, an air by Rameau—and you perceive that Mlle. Bartet is a leading lady of whom the Comédie Française may well be proud. MM. Worms and Truffier distinguished themselves in the younger Dumas' piece, and in that of Scribe and Legouvé M. Leloir as the Prince, and Mme. Pierson as the Princess de Bouillon, were both seen at their best, while M. Albert Lambert fils was a pleasantly swaggering Maurice de Saxe.

Of *Ruy Blas*, on Tuesday, I was able to see but an act and a half, and that only by playing truant from a good deal of *The Taming of the Shrew*, in which the Daly Company opened their season on that evening. I am bound to say that an act and a half proved quite enough for me. M. Mounet-Sully seemed to be playing at his very worst. All his mannerisms were there, and all were exaggerated to a degree almost painful; his trick of shouting himself hoarse, his explosive "ohs" and "ahs," his fixed, demented stare, his angular pre-Raphaelite postures. When M. Mounet-Sully is in the vein no French tragedian can touch him. But it is the old story: *Corruptio optimi*, etc. It is only fair to say that the actor has been on the sick-list, and is presumably not yet able to show a clean bill of health. In the fourth act one saw what a loss to the company is the departure of the elder Coquelin. His Don César is a splendid piece of buoyant—and flamboyant—acting: a Franz Hals in action. M. Baillet is a useful, pains-taking actor, but no more; and his Don César left no sort of impression on my mind. The Doña Maria de Neubourg of Mlle. Bartet was winsome enough, but this is one of the parts in which Sarah reigns alone.

Of the Daly performance there is nothing new to be said in the way of criticism. I used the word flamboyant just now, and I must apply it again to Miss Rehan's Katherine, one of the most tremendous exhibitions of feminine animalism the stage can show, a thing of shrieks, roars, squeaks, gurgles, tender cooing notes, and rich orotund passages of pure melody. The rest are as God, the Declaration of Independence, and the American climate have made them; they are rough, they are crude, their elocution is lamentable, and the garish colours they affect in their costumes act on my nerves like the sudden blare of a coach-horn. Mr. John Clarke, who succeeds but not supersedes Mr. John Drew as Petruchio (I am glad to see that Mr. Daly has abandoned the at once pedantic and incorrect "Petrucio" in the bill), is one of the best of them, and the actor who plays the servant disguised as master (it is one of the

innumerable names in "io"—I forget which) shews some promise. As additional delights for the opening ceremony we had "The Star-spangled Banner" and Miss Rehan's delivery of an address by Mr. Clement Scott, a speech from Mr. Augustin Daly, and an innovation in the shape of "calls" accepted by the principal performers during the progress of the piece, which, it is earnestly to be hoped, will not be tolerated on any future occasion. A. B. W.

MOCK JUSTICE AT ANGORA.

CONSTANTINOPLE, June 23, 1893.

THE trial of about one-half of the Armenian prisoners at Angora has come to an end, and the Embassies here have received their official reports of the proceedings, which, so far as I am informed, declare the trial to have been a farce, a travesty of justice. But it has been a tragedy rather than a farce for the prisoners, seventeen of whom have been condemned to death, and while awaiting the execution of the sentence they are loaded with chains and kept in dungeons. The others also have been found guilty, and sentenced to imprisonment for fifteen years. Among those condemned to death are the two professors from Marsovan. It is believed by some that the prisoners have been condemned in order that the Sultan may pardon them on the occasion of the Kourban Bairam to-morrow, or at least commute their sentences. If he should do so, the fact will be known by the readers of THE SPEAKER before the publication of this letter; but no assurance of this kind has been given to anyone thus far, although I have reason to believe that more than one European Power has protested against the injustice of the trial.

It came out plainly at the trial that both the prisoners and the witnesses had been subjected to infamous tortures of various kinds, and that whatever evidence there was against the accused had been extorted by such methods as to be absolutely worthless. It appeared for some days as though it had been determined to acquit the prisoners, but there was a sudden change in the attitude of the court near the end of the trial, apparently on orders from Constantinople, which convinced even the most hopeful of the prisoners that their fate had been determined.

This trial is an interesting illustration of the progress which has been made in the administration of justice in Turkey. I have no doubt but that the Sultan and his Ministers think that this trial was not only fair, but that it was conducted "*à la Franka*," and ought to attract the admiration of the Christian world. So far as the forms of justice are concerned, it certainly was a great improvement over the old arbitrary methods which were once universal in Turkey, and which are still very common—where men have no trial and often spend many years in close confinement without knowing anything of the charges against them. In this case there was a regularly constituted court. Formal indictments were prepared and furnished to the accused. They were allowed to have counsel, and to call witnesses. They were permitted to address the court themselves before the sentence. All this is new, and, so far as it goes, good. It is what the Turks suppose to be European justice—and they will, no doubt, claim that nothing could be fairer. But these forms mean nothing when the evidence is extorted by torture, and when the judges give their decision on orders from Constantinople. The old arbitrary system was tragedy; this is a farce.

The same thing is true of all the regular courts in Turkey. It often happened that the old *Cadi* was a pious Moslem, and his decisions were just, and the constant interference of the *Valis* with judicial questions often secured justice even to Christians; but now, with all this formal appearance of the regular administration of justice, the courts are

utterly corrupt. It was never so difficult to secure justice as now—even in civil suits. This is the unanimous opinion of the European lawyers in Constantinople as well as of the people generally, and it should be kept in mind by those who have to judge of the fairness of this trial at Angora.

Even if the Sultan should now pardon these men, it would not improve matters very much. If they are guilty, they ought to be punished for the good of the country; if they are innocent, they ought to be acquitted honourably.

Our sympathy for the men themselves, who are—many of them, at least—innocent of the charges brought against them, must lead us to hope that they will be pardoned, if there is no other way to save them; but this will not improve the state of things in Asia Minor, where there is imminent danger of far graver troubles than any that we have seen in Armenia, which cannot fail to lead to serious political complications.

UP TRELUGGAN HILL.

"GEE, whoa! Come 'ere, Lion! Come up, Pleasant!" And the youth at the mill gathers the reins tightly in his hands, clicks with his tongue at the roof of his mouth, and the heavy red and yellow waggon rumbles out of the mill-yard, away from the sight of the mill windows, out of the sound of the mill wheels, down Treslawn hill towards the town.

The youth at the mill has a round sun-burnt face, capped by unmanageable and ruddy curls, and besprinkled by uncountable and tawny freckles; but the openness of his smile engulfs the freckles, and the dust of his trade dims the curls.

Down the hill the waggon jolts between the thick and dusty hedges, where the last sprays of honey-suckle smell honey-sweet through the grit, and the spikes of golden rod, and the stray straws hanging on the brambles, tell that summer is dead, and harvest has passed by that way. The notes of a lugubrious "Methody" hymn, cheerfully whistled by the youth, are jerked out of him as the waggon rumbles on. Down the hill it goes, then over the bridge at the foot, where the town children wander out to throw stones and fish with bean-sticks, and unwittingly lave off their grime. And then the glossy brutes slacken pace, and setting their shoulders to the work before them, proceed to curve their way up the mile of Treluggan hill to the town.

Just ahead of the waggon toils a small figure in a black gown and a broad straw hat; her gait balanced as she goes by a big blue bundle on the left arm and a big green umbrella in the right hand. The youth from the mill, finding his cheerful notes no longer jerked from him, misses the assistance, and ceases his tune; then, being familiar with the nature of Treluggan hill, and a humane youth to boot, he resigns himself to the waggon rail and the inevitable, and lets his eyes rest absently on the only figure in sight—the figure of the girl toiling up the hill before him. After a few moments an idea seems to creep into his brain.

"Hi! little maid," he calls, "would 'ee like a lift up the hill?"

The figure turns, and the youth from the mill sees that she is not quite the child he guessed her to be, in spite of her short gown; but he also sees that she is hot and dusty, and not at all discomposed by the familiarity of his address; and he repeats in a more deferential manner, and without the "little maid"—

"Would 'ee like a lift up the hill?"

"You'm very good," replies the girl, wearily, coming towards him and holding up her bundle; "will 'ee hold this while I get up?"

The youth takes the bundle, and setting it down in the waggon, holds out his hand to help her; but she does not see it, and scrambles up unaided, and stands beside him, leaning against the rail. Then he

sees that her skin is very fair, all pink and white as apple-blossom, that her hair is black and curly, and that her features are well-favoured; but he also sees that her grey eyes are surrounded by reddened lids, and he guesses that she has been crying.

"You'd best get over the rail," he says, when he has noted her appearance; "'tis steadier footin', an' you can sit on that there sack if you like."

"I'll stand, thank you," she returns, as she obeys the first part of his remark and clambers over; "I mus'n' flour my frock."

"There's my coat in the corner; you can put that over the sack, 'tisin't floury on the inside."

She takes his advice in silence, and spreading his coat, seats herself, and for some moments the silence is only broken by the slow rumble of the wheels and the thudding hoofs of Lion and Pleasant. At last the youth breaks it with a "click" of his tongue, and then his own sound seems to embolden him.

"You'm goin' in to Penslyder Market, I s'pose?" he ventures.

"I'm going to Penslyder, but I ain't goin' to market; I s'pose I shan't never go into market no more. I'm on my way to service."

"Service," he exclaims cheerfully, looking at her furtively while; "an' I make no doubt you'm pleased at the thought of livin' in town?"

"No," she answers wearily; "I never wanted to see town more 'n on market days. I was always for home."

"Then why do 'ee go? You'm young to be in town service yet."

"I'm near seventeen," she replies; and then he sees that tears are in her eyes, and she is fumbling at the pocket of her gown in search of her handkerchief.

"I'm afraid you'm in trouble," he says gently, all the cheerfulness fading out of his face in genuine regret; but as he says it all her lassitude seems struck away from her.

"Trouble," she cries, clenching her small, toil-worn hands, "'tis all trouble, never nothin' but trouble; ever since I was old enough to know what it was, there it's bin hangin' over us; an' now father's dead—an' I don't care who knows that we'm miserable, an' beggars, an' nothin' else."

The youth looks at her burning face, and loses the remnants of his bashfulness as he does it. "You can't be angry just with trouble, if 'tisn't nobody's fault," he remarks gravely and decidedly.

"But 'tis someone's fault—a brute who calls himself a man, who's hounded an' drove my father to his death; an' now he's dead there's no money at home to keep us from starvin', an' I'm the oldest, an' I'm goin' in service."

The youth's face turns a deeper colour than sun-burn as he listens; when the girl stops he asks, "And where's your home?"

"At Liscaddick, the other side of the big bridge."

"What's the name of the man?"

"Vellum—Josias Vellum; he lives in the next village, an' he an' father had a quarrel when they was boys together. I've heard tell that 'twas about mother; anyhow, Josias Vellum never forgave father, an' he's never let a week pass without tryin' to do him a bad turn; an' we've got poorer an' poorer ever since I can remember, an' father got to look whishter and whishter, an' fearful that he'd never last on till good times came again, for he grew feeble an' white with trouble; an' then three months ago our donkey was poisoned, an' I know Josias Vellum must a-done it; an' poor father had to go an' work as day labourer; an' he hadn' been at that more'n two months before Josias Vellum told lies to his master, an' got him turned off, an' then— Well, I don't care who knows it—'t wasn't father's fault—he went light-headed with trouble, an' we only thought he was wonderful cheerful, an' when we was into market, tryin' to get some pence by selling flowers from mother's bit of garden, he went—he went an' hung himself."

The girl leans her head on the waggon rail and bursts into tears. The youth's face is troubled too,

and he leans forward and lays his big brown hand on hers, while Lion and Pleasant contentedly curve up the hill at their pleasure.

"Your name's Goldsworthy," he says quietly. "I've heard all about your trouble; and Josias Vellum has behaved bad by you, you'm right there; but, all the same, I b'leeve you'm happier than he is."

"Yes, I'm Ann Goldsworthy"—she lifts her head quickly from the rail in her astonishment, the tears still wet on her cheeks—"but how d'you know about Josias Vellum?"

There is a pause, while the youth looks fixedly at the white stretch of hill before him. "Because I'm Josias Vellum's son," he answers at last.

The girl's eyes blaze with anger. "Then I'll please to get out an' walk, rather than be beholden to Josias Vellum's son for a lift."

But again he lays his big brown hand on her's, though she roughly shakes it off. "Don't you go till I tell you one thing more. I'm Josias Vellum's only son; but when I found out what he'd done to your father, from some words he let slip when he heard of the hangin', I told him what I thought about it, and then I walked straight away and took service at Treslawn Mill. An' if you've got your troubles, he's got his now; for I'm the only livin' bein' he's got in the world, an' he'd a-done anything for me; an' he knelt an' prayed to me, with the tears runnin' down his cheeks, but I left him, and I called him a murderer."

There is a long silence, during which Ann Goldsworthy thinks a good deal, and then, "I b'leeve I'd rather be me than you," she declares. And, after another pause, "But you don't care very much for your father, I s'pose?"

"Why not?"

"Why, you couldn' a-borne it. It must have bin awful to see him cryin' to you."

"Yes, it was," he returns, shortly. And he gathers the reins tighter, and flicks at Pleasant's ear with his whip; and Ann Goldsworthy watches him furtively in her turn, till he looks down at her and meets her eyes. Then he leans down towards her again, and the gravity fades out of his face as he says, coaxingly, "You don't want to get down and walk, do you?"

Ann Goldsworthy blushes, and smiles a little smile in spite of her swollen lids and hot cheeks. "No," she answers, shyly.

Then, while her eyes are cast down, Tom Vellum looks at her again, and seems to like the doing of it.

"And now you must please to tell me where you'm goin' to service."

"'Tis at the 'Methody' preacher's, as 'general.' I don't s'pose I shall like it very much at first, after always livin' home; an' the wages isn' what one could call high. But I don't know much about service yet. I ain't up to servants' ways, so I've got to be taught."

"I s'pose you get your Sunday out?"

"Yes."

Treluggan hill is a good mile, but even miles come to an end if steady perseverance in one direction is adhered to; and in spite of their unchecked indifference in the matter, Lion and Pleasant do not fail to reach the top at last. But by the time the last trees are casting their shadows across the dusty road, and the first roofs are rising above the bend, Tom Vellum has said much to comfort Ann Goldsworthy, and Ann Goldsworthy has forgiven him for being Tom Vellum.

"I'd best get down here," she says, while they are still among the green shadows; and he helps her down the wheel and hands her bundle to her. Then, as she looks at him and stretches up her hand to say "Good-bye," he takes it, and holds it for a moment or two.

Then reddening furiously, "Shall us keep company?" he murmurs; and he leans over the side of the waggon in a most perilous attitude were not Lion and Pleasant entirely dependable.

Meeting lips sound but as the rustle of the leaves on the air—but lives are changed thereby.

"Gee! whoa! Soh Lion! Come up, Pleasant!" The waggon rumbles on to the town, and the little figure in black trudges forward with her portable property. But it is the top of Treluggan hill now, and things look different somehow, for the youth from the mill and the little maid in black are smiling as they go.

LILIAN QUILLER COUCH.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE INEVITABLENESS OF SELFISHNESS; AND ANARCHY.

SIR,—Mr. Olivier quotes and endorses these words of Hegel's: "Men will not interest themselves for anything unless they find their own individuality gratified by its attainment"—"men" here, of course, meaning "all men."

Now, I venture to join issue with both the above writers on this subject, and to remark (1) that the saying is not, as a matter of fact, true of all men; (2) that it is impossible to prove it to be true of all men—no individual being master of the ins and outs of universal human nature; and (3) that it is easy to show the reasonableness of the belief in its being not the fact in some cases; as thus:—

No doubt there are actions that are done only for the agent's sake, and from which no one else derives any pleasure. There are others equally actuated by self-regarding motives, but from which others besides the agent, and without his intending it, are the gainers.

Again, there are many actions which the agent genuinely, though mistakenly, believes to originate in the purest altruism, the spring of which, however, can be traced to a true self-love.

But there are cases where the agent, rich in imagination and in pity, so completely puts himself into a suffering fellow's place that, after weighing the disadvantages likely to accrue to self against the profit likely to accrue to someone else in case a certain course is taken, and seeing that in no way can himself be gainer by taking this course, he yet takes it with a sole view to that other person's happiness, and finds, as he sought, his sole reward in the joyful feelings of another—in his feelings as distinguished from his own.

Would Hegel, or does Mr. Olivier, deny there are such cases, in the experience of others, if not within their own? And surely it would be abuse of language to maintain that an action motivated as described above is purely "self-regarding" and an example of Hegel's dictum! An action done—as many have been done—for the sole purpose of saving pain or giving pleasure to another, and with no thought of self except as likely to be harmed by it: does not that deserve the name of altruistic?

As to the "Anarchism of Kropotkin," I am surprised to see the epithet "scientific" applied to it. Much as I admire many of the Prince's writings, his tract on "Anarchist Morality" appears to me to have less science and less logic in it than anything I ever read.

What right, by the way, have "Anarchists" to the name of "Socialists"? Are not all "Anarchists" really Communists—i.e., deniers of the individual right to private property? And is not the modern "Socialist" distinguished from the "Communist," in general, by his desiring to communise only the instruments of wealth production, and not the produced wealth itself?

E. D. GIRDLESTONE.

Harborne, Birmingham, June 26th, 1893.

THE PRICE OF OUR "PERVERSITY."

SIR,—Truly, as you say, "human nature is very perversely constituted." But when "leading Liberal" journalists go out of their way to illustrate and enforce this melancholy fact by excusing, forsooth! the base passions which break out in international warfare, what must we laymen conclude? That that gory old swashbuckler, Bismarck, should be permitted to preach to German schoolboys the rank doctrine that human life is worth no better end than he has secured for scores of thousands of his countrymen only shows the incompetence of the boys' guardians and the low ethical standard prevalent in those parts. Surely English Liberals are not going back to that sort of tuition!

Your writer (on "War and Arbitration") should have said either more or less. What are the "compensations" for war and for the preparations and payments of war? He does not tell us. I make bold to declare that the professional soldier can have no "compensation," either in gain or glory, which will minimise the awful fact that he lives to slaughter his brother-man; no compensation for a life from which the higher opportunities of art, science, social and civic service are shut out; that the families of the professional soldier can have no compensation for his loss; that the nation which maintains a fighting pro-

fession, as we do, can by no consideration of "compensation" cover its own shame in this mercenary system. If the teaching of Christ mean anything, human blood is not cheap, as Bismarck and your contributor say—is, on the contrary, priceless at its poorest. This is equally true of the past and future of war. There is no "compensation" for the overburdened multitudes who have to-day to meet National Debt charges incurred in many a wasteful and wicked enterprise of the past; there is no "compensation" for the loss of a great warship and 440 of its crew, who were training for some fearful carnage in the future.

Not "perverse" enough in glorifying the death of the fighter (apart from the rightness of his "cause"), your contributor throws out the old Jingo taunt of "squeamishness" and "flabbiness" against peace-men. I hope Liberals will be deceived as little by the appeal to their animal as moved by the insult to their spiritual nature. The weak confusion of the growth of soul by struggle and the destruction of life by brute strife show the writer patently at his most perverse. The true leaders of men in all times have had plainer words for the people. It was not far from that sea of Tripoli that the world was warned, once and for all, that those who lived by the sword should die by the sword. That, if all were well-ordered in Christian pulpits and Liberal newspapers, would be the far-sounding lesson of this day. The relatives of the lost 440 may console themselves by thought of the devotion of those lives—though it was a devotion to Baal and Moloch; but on the conscience of every Englishman a terrible burden of responsibility should rest, for these were the flower of his hired defenders, and their sacrifice was the price of his "perversity."—Yours, etc.,

G. H. P.

Seatoller-in-Borrowdale, June 27, 1893.

SHAKESPEARE, TENNYSON, AND THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.

SIR,—Your delightful correspondent, "A. T. Q. C.," has written his article in THE SPEAKER of last week under an entire misapprehension.

He believes the Lord Chief Justice, in his address as President of the Salt Schools, Shipley, to have "delivered himself publicly of the opinion" that "any estimate which placed Tennyson below Shakespeare was the mark of a Philistine."

It is a simple duty to the Lord Chief Justice to state that he did no such thing. In the course of a most polished and suggestive address, sparkling with witty and sedate reflections, and delivered with that perfect diction and elocution for which Lord Coleridge is celebrated, he was indicating a course of reading which might be wisely followed by the students of the Salt Schools. Of almost every author he mentioned he had some delightful story or criticism. He named Shakespeare first, and said that he would place him "before and above everyone," including, for the purpose in hand, "all Greek and Latin writers." Milton, Wordsworth, Gray, Wolff, Shelley, and others were also passed in review; and then the report I quote from, which is verbally confirmed by all the others I have been able to consult, and which is supported by my own clear recollection—for I was present, and sat near the speaker—says: "Coleridge he of course omitted. Tennyson he omitted, because he knew that any estimate which placed him below Shakespeare was at present the mark of a Philistine"—(laughter).

The reference to Tennyson was clearly understood by the meeting, which greeted with "laughter" the satire on those critics who, since his death, have so freely rushed in to load him with adulation.

We must therefore forego with regret the wonderful lessons which "A. T. Q. C." evolves for us out of what he calls Lord Coleridge's *bêtise*, and his forthcoming birthday book of "futilities" will lack the first instance he proposed for it—of an "utterance by a solemn amateur on a purely literary topic."

—I am, Sir, yours faithfully,
Shipley, June 27th, 1893.

S. PHILIP UNWIN.

SIR,—In your issue of this week, A. T. Q. C. makes a terrific onslaught on Lord Coleridge for a supposed *bêtise* on his lordship's part at the Salt Schools. I do not know whether the Lord Chief Justice has survived to deny the soft impeachment, but I think it only fair the public should know that the offending observation was "meant sarcastic," and that the speaker and THE SPEAKER are very widely apart in their interpretation of its meaning.

I send you the report of the speech from the nearest local paper, the *Bradford Observer*, which says:—"Tennyson he omitted because he knew that any estimate which placed him below Shakespeare was at present the mark of a Philistine. (Laughter.)"

No doubt the "laughter" was omitted by the London press—notoriously seriously inclined; but probably it still lingers on Parnassus should your usually accurate paper have a subscriber there.—I am, Sir, yours truly,

HENRY A. HERING.

15, Welbury Drive, Manningham, Bradford,
June 27th, 1893.

OFF TRIPOLI: THURSDAY, JUNE 22nd, 1893.

PEACE to the dead! Great organs sound and swell,
Thund'ring for us their glorious funeral knell:
Our hearts are torn and rent with anguish sore;
Roll on, and lead us to the distant shore
Where death is standing, silent sentinel!

Oh, piteous patience, pain we cannot quell:
Ours is the agony no tongue can tell.
Dumb is the deep—to voiceless heights we soar:
Peace to the dead!

The heights of suffering love can but endure
All that their country claims; an oath they swore
To give her of their best, and woeful well
Kept they their promise. We may not rebel
While England mourns them and her seas restore
Peace to the dead. D. M. B.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

FLEMISH LITERATURE.

IT may not be generally known that the Dutch and Flemish languages are, for literary purposes, one and the same. As spoken they differ considerably, but more in pronunciation than in any other respect. Those who have cultivated the tongue chiefly from books, or even at Amsterdam or Leyden, need not be surprised if they find themselves baffled by the atrocious accent of Antwerp, which persists in broadening the *a*'s into something of far greater latitude than the broadest Scotch *a*—something expressed in writing by *as*, and carrying with it an indefinable suggestion of roughness and coarseness.

But, as written, the two languages are one. Belgian writers, who have no ambition to consider French their own tongue, disport themselves freely in the pages of *De Gids* and *Elsevier's Illustrated*. Virginie Loveling's stories and Pol de Mont's poems are as welcome south as north. Indeed, Belgians themselves object to the words "Dutch" and "Flemish" ("Hollandsch" and "Vlaamsch" are, we believe, the national way of writing them). There is only one tongue, say they, and that is *Nederlandsch*. Jealous as they are of their political independence, they have no desire to set up an independent language and literature.

No one can be much in contact with the majority of educated Belgians, or even read much of the Flemish papers, without sooner or later coming across the words "Taalverbod," "Taalbeweging," and the like. After the revolution of 1830, there prevailed for some time a great infatuation for everything French, and the country seemed in danger of being completely Gallicised. But the reaction came in time, and is now in full swing. Innumerable societies, intended, in one way or another, for the encouragement and cultivation of the "Taal" (language), have sprung up; and most towns of any importance have a Flemish as well as a French theatre. A knowledge of Flemish is now required by law of all public functionaries, except in those districts inhabited exclusively by the Walloons. Since 1883, the teaching of the language has been obligatory in all intermediate schools. The Universities of Brussels and Louvain allow some of their courses to be delivered in the Flemish language; while at Ghent all the professors lecture in Flemish.

One is, perhaps naturally, rather doubtful of the results of the forcing process applied to literature. It is whispered that many of the products approved by Welsh Eisteddfods are of appalling dullness. And, of course, a good deal of the poetry and prose raised, so to speak, under the glass of societies for the development of a "national" literature, must partake more or less of the nature of Eisteddfod competitions. But, happily, there are, and have been, Flemish writers quite independent of the patronage

of the societies. Ghent, we fancy, already possessed Virginie Loveling, in the days when its burghers still preferred calling it Gand; and she sent her copy over the border into Holland, as she does still.

Virginie Loveling does not belong to the "modern" school. In fact, to judge by her writings, she does not belong to any school, save the one she attended from her youth up—that of Nature. She is pessimistic, it is true, but not exactly with the pessimism of the schools. There always have been, and, we suppose, always will be—in this climate, at any rate—people constitutionally unable to take cheerful views of life or make happy endings to their stories. "Eene Idylle," her latest story, which ran through two numbers of *De Gids* (and, by the bye, is of respectable one-volume length), has an unhappy ending. It is all the more aggravating because it is not exactly a tragedy, and not brought about by any crime, or even any very terrible misconduct. The final separation is due to what seems to us rather a petty pride on the woman's part; and the curtain falls, leaving us with a duller, blanker, more desolate feeling than if they had both died.

More cheerful, if we remember aright, was "Een dure Eed" ("A Vow that Cost Dear"), though even then things only came right in a subdued and chastened sort of way at the end. But the fascination of the story was in its pictures of the country life of West Flanders—the thatched farm-houses, the willow-grown brooks, the little patches of wood, the cows knee-deep in rich grass. And against this background the figures stand out with a subtle charm—Peetje and Meetje, Marcellien, and the two foundling girls, the sad and stately Reine and the giddy Veria.

Another woman writer—a poet of real genius, whose name, however, we believe, is quite unknown beyond the narrow limits of her country—is Hélène Swarth. Her muse, too, is a sad one—her best poems are lyrical—passionate cries of pain. A large number of them are to be found in the pages of *De Gids*. Pol de Mont, likewise a frequent contributor to that periodical and to *Elsevier*, is a more cheerful singer, with a ringing lilt in his verse of which one would scarcely have expected the language to be capable. He has published several volumes—"Idyllen," "Noord en Zuid," and others. He has written prose, but not so often, and is better known by his verse.

The new realism—or whatever it ought to be called—is not unrepresented in Flemish. Among its foremost exponents is a young Antwerp writer named Anton Moortgat, who recently made some sort of a hit with a novel called "Jef Vermeisen." Anyone who knows the back slums of Antwerp knows a particularly unsavoury quarter of the world, and some very unattractive people; and it is the life of this quarter that Moortgat has set himself to paint. His hero, Jef (the name may not at first sight be recognised as a contraction of Joseph), is a typical child of Antwerp low life, and his miserable fate might be paralleled every day among the scores of weak-kneed young men in existence—but we must not here discuss the *raison d'être* of realism.

A different sort of realism is that cultivated by Frans Van Cuyck. Mr. Van Cuyck has written at least one novel, and several volumes of short stories. He is, as a rule, severely conscientious in describing only the thing he knows, and his studies of Antwerp life—more especially the life of the lower middle class (or what the Germans call *kleine Bürgersleute*)—strike one as faithfully done, without any attempt to slur over either the good or the bad side of existence. But they are not exactly the work of an artist. There is nothing very individual in the *donnée* of any of the stories, and they are worked out with a plodding, painstaking slowness which makes them slightly heavy in the reading. In fact, they might almost constitute the answers to an examination paper running somewhat as follows:—

Write a story (a) about a man who has set his heart on succeeding in literature, and neglects his wife in consequence.

(b) About a good woman who marries an artist, but doesn't care about art.

(c) About a frivolous ditto.

And so on *ad infinitum*.

We cannot help suspecting that here we have one of the Eisteddfod products before alluded to. A society determines that a vernacular literature ought to be produced, and offers prizes: painstaking people set to work, and in due time win the prizes, and here we have the result.

But, if not of the first rank as stories, Mr. Van Cuyck's work offers many points of interest as a study of life. One thing that strikes one is the absence of a hard-and-fast line between the working and lower middle classes. Perhaps this is partly due to the comparative commonness of a person who has become rare in England—the master shoemaker, carpenter, and blacksmith, who has worked his way up to competence and a small business of his own without, so to speak, migrating to the West End. In England, we have the man who hammers the nails, and the man who sits in the counting-house and never sees him; the latter, once he has "risen in the world," never looks at hammer or leather, and the place of the small master is taken by the middleman.

Another is the absence of any formal line of demarcation between the artistic and other professions. A shoemaker's son wishes to become a painter, the parents take it quite as a matter of course, they send him to the Académie instead of binding him apprentice to a trade, a room in the house is assigned him as a studio, and everything is done to encourage him. There may be some regrets that his income will be less assured than that of the brother who is to succeed to the father's business, but of the feeling that he has lost caste, or joined the ranks of the idlers, not a trace. Whatever the level which artistic feeling has reached, it seems to be more widely diffused—more a part of the national life than elsewhere. If the manners of the Anversois have not been softened by it— But on that question, and all which hangs thereby, it were invidious to enter.

A. W.

REVIEWS.

A LEADER OF THE TRACTARIANS.

WILLIAM GEORGE WARD AND THE CATHOLIC REVIVAL.
By Wilfrid Ward. London: Macmillan.

WILLIAM GEORGE WARD was certainly one of the most striking among the many striking personalities connected with the Tractarian Movement. "Few persons in our time," according to the Master of Balliol, "have exercised a greater influence on their contemporaries than he did at Oxford." Similarly, Dean Stanley judged that when Newman retired to Littlemore, after the condemnation of Tract 90, Ward was "the most important element in the Oxford School." His career up to the date of his reception into the Church of Rome has been narrated very fully and very ably by his son, Mr. Wilfrid Ward, in a volume published three or four years ago and received with general favour. In the present work we have an account of his life as a Catholic, told in a manner which fully maintains the reputation earned by the author's previous book. Mr. Wilfrid Ward's task, in this second half of his undertaking, has been a specially difficult one; for while admiring the high gifts and reverencing the still higher character of his father, it is plain that his own intellectual position is somewhat different. The fact is—and our author is too clear-sighted not to see it, and too candid to attempt to veil it—that Ward, personally one of the truest and sincerest of men, was ever falling into the falsehood of extremes. The same mental tendencies

which led him, as an Anglican, to put forth his "Ideal of a Christian Church," led him, as a Catholic, to develop extravagant views about Papal Infallibility: views by which cooler and more cautious thinkers, such as Newman, Dupanloup and Fessler were scandalised—nay, which even the most ultramontane theologians of the Papal Court declined to endorse. Ward was, before and beyond all things, a dialectician. "Controversy is meat and drink to him," Cardinal Newman once observed. "He was only concerned with logical consistency," Dean Church has written. Even in familiar conversation with his friends he would constantly interrupt with an interrogative "Because?" He was accustomed to throw his utterances on the commonest matters into syllogistic form. Thus, to quote an amusing instance given by Mr. Wilfrid Ward, he explained the small interest which he professed to take in his children, when they were little, as follows: "I can have no affection for persons with whose character I am unacquainted. I know nothing of the character of my younger children, therefore I can have no affection for them." Another story, not less droll and not less indicative of his cast of mind, is the following. When he was lecturer at Old Hall, Mrs. Ward gave him a key to a little garden-gate at the back of his study, which enabled him to get to the College without going round. He said "Thank God!" so fervently that his wife asked him what elicited so warm an aspiration. He replied that it went against all his mathematical instincts to walk first to the left and then all the way round again to the right, as he had to do without this key. Again, on one occasion Dean Goulburn had expressed surprise to him that seriously minded Roman Catholics could, in view of the dogma, "Extra ecclesiam nulla salus," have any comfort or happiness in thinking of their Protestant friends; whereupon Ward expounded the theory of "invincible ignorance" as excusing a large amount of heresy, and placing heretics who have erred under its influence within the pale of salvation. "And I am sure, my dear Goulburn," he added, with the greatest earnestness and emphasis, "that your ignorance is most invincible," leaving the Dean to draw the comforting conclusion: *ergo*, you are within the pale of salvation.

Perhaps the portions of Mr. Wilfrid Ward's book which will most widely interest are those concerning his father's relations with Cardinal Newman. As readers of the author's former volume will remember, Ward went up to Oxford "a Benthamite, a believer in virtue being the greatest happiness of the greatest number." "He was, in fact," the late Professor Price wrote, "a Rationalist." The whole course of his spiritual life was changed by a friend taking him, much against his will, to hear one of Newman's five o'clock sermons at St. Mary's. But from the first, deep as was his veneration and warm his personal regard for Newman, he was never wholly in intellectual agreement with him. The theory of the Via Media, so elaborately drawn out by Newman, never satisfied him, which, to be sure, is not very surprising, as in a short time it ceased to satisfy its author. He was wont, Lord Blachford tells us, to attend Newman's discourses "to ruminate and object." "The thing which was utterly abhorrent to him was to stop short." In a brief time Ward found himself the guiding spirit of what Cardinal Newman called "a new school of thought, which was sweeping the original party of the Movement aside and taking its place." By these "eager, acute, resolute minds," Rome was regarded as the practical model, the Reformation as a deadly sin, and restoration to the Papal Communion as the thing to be, beyond all others desired. These new disciples placed Newman in a very embarrassing position. Ward, in particular, was constantly appealing to him on the soundness of his principles and inferences. The consequence was, as Dean Church has

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written, that Newman, "with whom formal logical consistency was, indeed, a great thing, but with whom it was very far from being everything, had continually to accept conclusions which he would rather have kept in abeyance, to make admissions which were used without their qualifications, to push on and sanction extreme ideas which he himself shrank from, because they were extreme." "It is a nuisance to me," Newman wrote at this time to Dr. Pusey, "to be forced beyond what I can fairly accept." Forced, however, he was. Archbishop Tait tells us that "Ward worried him into writing Tract 90." But Tract 90 did not satisfy Ward, who, in 1844, supplemented it by his own once so famous essay, "The Ideal of a Christian Church." "It won't do," was Newman's comment when he read the book in his retirement at Littlemore. And it must have been manifest to all men of common sense that Ward's claim, however great the dialectical skill with which it was urged, to hold "the whole cycle of Roman doctrine," while continuing a clergyman of the Established Church, would not do. Indeed, Ward, with his usual candour, "strongly sympathised with the advocates of his own condemnation, though he considered their course logically indefensible, simply because the Anglican Establishment was itself hopelessly illogical." "It won't do," was what Newman had to say, again and again, of Ward's teaching after they had been both received into the Roman Communion. Their attitude in the controversies of the time, and especially in the controversies connected with the question of Papal Infallibility, was entirely different. The divergence between the two men went far. It was at Ward and his school that the strong words of Cardinal Newman, in his "Letter to the Duke of Norfolk," were directed: "There are those among us who, for years past, have conducted themselves as if no responsibility attached to wild words and overbearing deeds; who have stated truths in the most paradoxical forms, and stretched principles until they were close upon snapping; who have employed themselves, by their rash language, in unsettling the weak in faith, throwing back inquirers, and shocking the Protestant mind." On the other hand, Ward was wont to mourn over his former master as "a half-tinkered Catholic." There can be no question of the sincerity of the lamentation. Ward was always transparently sincere. In 1875 he wrote to Newman, "I have not been able even approximately to replace you. I have felt myself a kind of intellectual orphan. The whole colour of my life has changed, I assure you, from the loss of your sympathy; but my gratitude for the past will ever remain intact." And when Pius IX. had passed away, and the whirligig of time brought in his revenges, and Leo XIII. raised the great Oratorian to the Roman purple, Ward's congratulations to the new Cardinal were sincerely and warmly offered. Still it was a blow to him, the severity of which he did not attempt to dissemble, that such a mark of Pontifical favour should have been conferred upon a theologian whose orthodoxy he deemed so little satisfactory. A good story on this subject, not told by Mr. Wilfrid Ward, but reaching us from good authority, may here be set down. Shortly after Newman's elevation to the Sacred College, Ward was talking about the event with his usual unreserve to his chaplain, the Rev. Mr. Haythornthwaite. "Well, well, Mr. Ward," the clergyman observed, "Pius IX. would never have made him a Cardinal." "Pius IX. have made him a Cardinal!" replied Ward, bouncing with excitement, "Pius IX. would have seen him damned first."

But it would be unjust to Ward to suppose that his life in the Catholic Church was wholly spent in that theological dust in which he so delighted, and which he was so skilled in raising. Of far more enduring value than his disquisitions on Papal Infallibility are his contributions to the great philosophical questions which so largely occupied his

later years. His defence of the intuition theory of morality, of the import, functions and nature of conscience, of the characteristics of necessary truth and its bearing on conscience, was fully recognised by a very competent opponent, John Stuart Mill, as "the best that is likely to be said on that side." There was a great deal of sympathy between him and Mill, immeasurably removed as they were from one another by their speculative opinions. As Mr. Wilfrid Ward happily puts it, "The two men, in their purely intellectual intercourse, as completely understood one another as two mathematicians who are engaged in proving a proposition in geometry." Both had an intellect for the abstract, the logical, the complete. Neither had anything whatever of the poet, the seer who, in the high reason of his fancies, discerns and does not argue. It was by the perusal of Mill's writings that Ward was led to undertake what we agree with his son in regarding as the *magnum opus* of his life—his systematic exposition of the philosophy of Theism. And, characteristically enough, he felt the death of that illustrious man as "a severe controversial disappointment." Perhaps one of the best chapters in Mr. Wilfrid Ward's book is the thirteenth, in which he gives an admirably clear sketch of this work of his father's—unfortunately never finished, although carried far enough to acquaint us with the general scope and tendency of the argument. Mr. Wilfrid Ward, from a feeling which is most natural, refrains from attempting to estimate the value of his father's labours in this field of thought. We, for our part, do not hesitate to regard them as among the most valuable contributions made in our time to the supreme problems with which they deal.

POLITICAL LESSONS FROM SWITZERLAND.

THE RISE OF THE SWISS REPUBLIC. A History by W. D. McCrackan, M.A. London: Saxon & Co. Boston, U.S.A.: Arena Publishing Company.

MR. MCCRACKAN is an American who is rightly convinced that Swiss history presents many lessons of importance to the citizens of the United States. All Americans must be interested in the study of federalism. But many federal governments, such as those of Germany and Austria-Hungary, are "founded upon monarchical principles quite foreign to our body politic," while Switzerland "is as near as possible a counterpart in miniature of the United States." Unluckily, Switzerland is visited by most travellers for the sake of the scenery only, the American tourist displaying, if possible, a more stolid indifference to and invincible ignorance of the history and institutions of the Alpine valleys than even the average Englishman. It is, therefore, Mr. McCrackan's cue, in order to bring home the necessity for the popular history of Switzerland which now lies before us, to expatiate on the practical lessons to be gained by the study of Swiss history. To this end he inserts in his narrative a chapter here and there to emphasise the lessons of comparison between Switzerland and America, and at the end of the work he has written several chapters of general political reflection, and has printed *in extenso* the existing Federal Constitution of Switzerland. In this part of the work the comparisons are sometimes stretched rather far, as, for example, when the writer compares the democratic movement in the rural districts of the old town cantons after 1830 with "the revival of political thought amongst the farmers of the United States in the Grange and the Alliance." But the popular audience to which the book is addressed may, doubtless, be stimulated to read it, if the most is made of the "practical" sides of the problem, and Mr. McCrackan, who is an ardent democrat, thinks that the "pure and direct" democracy of the country of the *Landsgemeinde* and *Referendum* suggests valuable lessons of reform to his own land. In particular, he believes that the introduction of the *Referendum* into America would, by simplifying the

issues presented before the people, do a great deal to break down the power of the "Boss" and the "Caucus," who find their best opportunities in "the rubbish which at present clogs the wheels of American political machinery." Mr. McCrackan also prefers the Swiss system, which puts the executive government into the hands of a committee of seven, to the autocratic position of the American President, and rejoices that the Federal Tribunal at Lausanne has a less authoritative jurisdiction in constitutional matters than the Supreme Court of the United States. The practical part of Mr. McCrackan's book, if never very forcible or strong, is at least suggestive, fairly interesting, and to American minds not a little revolutionary.

We now turn to the historical part of the work, in which Mr. McCrackan traces the fortunes of the inhabitants of the lands now called Switzerland from the time of the cave-men and the lake-dwellers up to the acceptance of the Constitution of 1848 and its subsequent revisions. Mr. McCrackan has here consulted the best modern authorities, with the result that the main outline of his work is singularly clear and very fairly correct. He seems mostly to have followed Dändliker, though he has also consulted Rilliet, Dierauer, Kirk, Coolidge, and other modern writers; while, by constant reference to Oechsli's valuable popular "Quellenbuch," he has been able to freshen up his narrative by the incorporation of translations of original chronicles and documents. Further than this he does not always seem to have gone, though he gives a formidable list of "reference literature" at the end. There is, however, an occasional vagueness and want of precision about his statements even when he is following closely some well recognised authority, while his knowledge of general history, and in particular his knowledge of the constitution of the mediæval Empire, is not sound enough to protect him from occasional error. It is misleading, for example, to talk of the "Gauverfassung" as the "county system" (p. 39), to translate "Meyer" as "mayor" (p. 74), or to say that "under Charles the Great" feudalism "reached a stage of the highest development." The sounding word *Reichsunmittelbarkeit* has a great fascination for Mr. McCrackan; but as he speaks of how Zürich "came into possession of the *Reichsunmittelbarkeit*" (p. 137) at one time and how it became later "in reality a free city of the German Empire" (p. 138), we cannot help doubting whether he is quite clear as to the precise signification of the term, the more so when we read elsewhere how "Luzern, being the property of the Abbey of Murbach, was an example of a city under ecclesiastical rule. As such it possessed the *Reichsunmittelbarkeit*" (p. 131). We must also doubt his fitness to speak with great authority on federalism when he tells us how (apparently in the eighteenth century) "the Netherlands had been consolidated by the house of Orange into a centralised State almost devoid of true federalism." It is unlikely that a secular priest like Zwingli would have been made "chaplain" in the Benedictine abbey of Einsiedeln (p. 257). As a matter of fact, Zwingli was parish priest of the town. We cannot, moreover, be quite satisfied with the loose ethnology which tells us that "Italian and Romansch Switzerland can boast of Celto-Roman, Ostro-Gothic, and even Etruscan elements." Mr. McCrackan also confuses the Federal Polytechnic at Zürich with the proposed Federal University which has never been established (p. 349). Such examples, even when not incorrect, seem to indicate some want of grasp and precision, and suggest that Mr. McCrackan is not a very deep historian. Nor are grave omissions wanting. In four hundred pages no space has been found to treat of the wars of Villmergen, the last of the religious wars; while the history of Graubünden and Valais is dealt with in a very meagre and unsatisfying fashion, omitting, for example, in the latter case the long struggle of the Upper and Lower Zehnten. In truth, Mr. McCrackan's work is somewhat superficial and, though useful

enough in the absence of better popular works, is not likely to hold its ground for long even as a popular exposition. There is the same want of thoroughness shown in almost every detail of the book. There are rather too many printer's errors, especially in proper names, and slips which it requires some charity to set down to the printer, as, for example, the description of the grandson of "Charlemagne" as "Charles the Bold" (p. 47), a blunder repeated in the index, which under Charles makes no reference to the true Charles the Bold, though a whole chapter of the book is devoted to his struggle with the Swiss. In short, "The Rise of the Swiss Republic" smacks of the magazine article, and we are not surprised to find that the whole chapter on the Tell legend and a great deal of that on the Battle of Sempach are transferred bodily from the pages of the *Atlantic Monthly*, where they doubtless made very readable articles. It is so excellent a thing to find a popular book on Swiss history that explains clearly the origin of the Confederation, the differences between the thirteen sovereign States, the allied *Zugewandte Orte*, and the subject provinces, a history that does not believe in William Tell, and knows roughly the result of the work of Kopp, Vischer, Rochholz, and the Liebenaus, that we are not disposed to speak too harshly of Mr. McCrackan's agreeable but rather superficial sketch, were it not that there is a faint suggestion of deep learning about it that at times rather irritates us. Neither are we pleased with the rather crude photograph of Mr. McCrackan himself, which stares full-face at us from opposite the title-page, or with the specimen of Mr. McCrackan's autograph which is kindly appended. Such matters are, we conceive, of more interest to Mr. McCrackan's personal friends than to the English or even the American public. Similarly, if we were to have a map at all, it would have been more scholarly to give us a map of Switzerland at any other period than at the present day. But if a modern map is to be given, it might at least have been brought up to date. Those who trust Mr. McCrackan's map will not know that there is a railway open under the St. Gothard Pass. The style is rather slipshod, and not very successful in its occasional higher flights. It abounds in Americanisms, and possesses the fluency with the limitations of the daily journal. But with all that may be said against it, the book may be read with great advantage in quarters where the close, scholarly, and concentrated version of the same story told in Mr. Coolidge's admirable articles in the "Encyclopædia Britannica" and elsewhere is not likely to find much favour. We observe that while speaking of the "few Americans who understand Swiss political institutions," Mr. McCrackan, with all his patriotism, fails to notice that the first English-speaking authority on all the subjects treated of in his book is an American.

AUSTRALIA THROUGH ENGLISH SPECTACLES.

THE AUSTRALIANS: A SOCIAL SKETCH. By Francis Adams. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

MR. ADAMS'S articles on Australia, published originally in the *Fortnightly Review*, attracted general attention at the time of their appearance, from the justness of many of the observations they contained, the pungency of others, and the kindly notices of Australian authors of merit, too little known to English readers. Though not untainted with the superficiality of the Frenchman whose description of the daughters of Albion was based on his encounter with three ugly red-haired girls on landing at Dover, his remarks not infrequently hit the nail on the head, and display an acumen unattained by Trollope or Froude. For these reasons they merit more than an ephemeral existence, and their reproduction in book form, with the addition of a postscript, will be welcomed as a contribution to literature treating of

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Antipodal topics, containing, as it does, matter worthy to be considered and sifted by a future historian, whose main sources of information—the daily papers of the Colonies—stand in much need of clarification and sublimation by observers qualified for the task. It is on this account that a book invites more serious criticism than a magazine article, and a careful study of Mr. Adams's work, meritorious in many respects, will show some of his deductions to be misleading, and others altogether incorrect. For instance, while he is perfectly right in saying that young Australians, visiting England for pleasure or education, pine for the country in which they were born and where their early days have been spent, he is mistaken in assuming that therefore the gap between the Colony and the Mother Country will widen. The want of touch between a Victorian undergraduate at Cambridge and his English fellow-students who have passed a public school curriculum and are all in the same swim, is more than counterbalanced by the ever-increasing facilities of communication, both by steam and electricity, between the countries, eliminating so largely the parochialism from both. Again, Mr. Adams's dicta about Australian journals are more smart than accurate or profound. The most important newspaper he mentions, the *Melbourne Age*, of to-day, no more resembles that paper *proconsule* Bowen than the present *Times* resembles the organ controlled by John Delane; and, instead of drawing red herrings across the trail of change to divert the aspirations of Democracy, it is often itself compelled to take instructions from the Trades Hall. With regard to the "Voltairean personality" which inspires the *Sydney Bulletin*, we fear the English reader would search its columns in vain for the wit and sarcasm which permeate *Zadig* or *Candide*, but would find instead a series of attacks upon ladies and persons whose position precludes them from replying, the caustic quality of which is but too frequently accompanied by malice and ill-nature. That a journal of this class should be popular in the bush and the slums, where "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab" is the *beau-ideal* of a novel, is not to be wondered at; the marvel is that any English author should describe it as the only mouthpiece of originality in Australia.

It is a subject for regret that when the matter contained in this volume was reprinted, the sentences were not entirely recast and the style severely remodelled. A porcupine cannot consist entirely of quills, nor a book of points; and the dislocation of a paragraph into single lines, each intended to be pithy and aphoristic, is extremely irritating. A method discreetly employed by a great artist like Alexandre Dumas is not to be used with prodigality by an imitator. In the present temper of the Australian Colonies, smarting under severe commercial misfortunes, and resenting every species of advice, whether fiscal or political, the book can hardly expect a very cordial welcome from that part of the world, and it is, therefore, the more unfortunate that its style lends itself to a charge of flippancy and superficiality. When better times come, as must shortly happen, Australians will doubtless not only take what is said of them in good part, but endeavour to profit by the strictures of their critics. Sir Roger Manners, writing in 1591 to his nephew's widow, Elizabeth, Countess of Rutland, respecting her son the Earl, a "tuft" at Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, of whose conduct he appears to have had unsatisfactory accounts, remarks: "They say it is a thankless office to tell youth of their faults, yet it is the office of their best friends." The maternal admonition which duly followed appears in this case to have been both firmly and delicately expressed, for her son replies: "I gave your Ladyship humble thanks for your honorable direction in your letters for my good. I do assure your Ladyship that the carriage of myselfe both towards God and my booke, my comelinesse in diet and gesture, shall be such as your Ladyship shall hear and like well of."

ULSTER IN '98.

ULSTER IN '98: EPISODES AND ANECDOTES NOW FIRST PRINTED. By Robert M. Young. Belfast: Marcus Ward & Co.

FOR many reasons this little book is welcome. Ulster is attracting so much public attention that anything which sheds a new light on its history is of importance. And the history of Ulster in 1798 has never been sufficiently described. According to the documents discovered by the Secret Committee of the Irish House of Commons, 111,000 Ulstermen, mostly Presbyterians, were sworn members of the Society of United Irishmen. Joining the United Irishmen was not a mere harmless amusement. The oath was illegal, and many men were hanged for taking it. It was as dangerous to be a United Irishman in 1798 as it was to be a Fenian in 1867, yet the Presbyterian farmers of Ulster joined the first secret society as readily and as recklessly as the Catholic peasantry of Munster joined the second. They met the King's troops in at least three considerable encounters, at Saintfield, at Ballynahinch, and at Antrim, and at Saintfield the pikemen actually defeated the British regular cavalry. Many Presbyterian ministers took part in the rising, and suffered for it. Looked at politically, socially, racially, there are few more interesting episodes, and yet the materials for an adequate history are singularly scant. The more bloody scenes of the Southern rising have attracted greater attention. The Ulster Presbyterians are not and never have been a people much given to literature, and most of what we know of Ulster in '98 is gathered from Wolfe Tone, a rationalist of Episcopalian bringing-up, and Teeling, a Catholic. Reid, the historian of the Irish Presbyterians, has tried to minimise the past disloyalty of his co-religionists. We owe, therefore, a debt of gratitude to Mr. Young for collecting in handy form unwritten traditions and ballads of the time which have been handed down by Presbyterian croppies. Though they are disconnected and sometimes a little obscure, they will help the future historian to decide the three perplexing problems: Why the Presbyterians were rebels in 1798, why they were not more successful rebels, and why they ceased to be rebels.

It is tolerably clear that they rebelled rather as revolutionists than as Nationalists. Though they called themselves United Irishmen, they laid the accent rather on the "United" than on the "Irishmen." They wanted liberty and equality, Parliamentary reform, and lower rates and taxes. They only took to secret societies because an open league was prohibited, and they only took to arms because Reform "they never would peacefully yield." As one of their songs said:—

"Your synods have sold you, so now to your swords;
Write the grand Public Will on the false-hearted lords."

They were speculative Radicals by disposition and training, like their ancestors in Scotland, and they looked upon the United Society as a new version of the Covenanting fight in Ayrshire and Galloway. Their writers and speakers did express a good deal of passionate love for the land of their adoption, but the common folk hated King and lords and bishops rather than Englishmen. Coming from Scotland when the Western lowlands were not the peaceful place we know to-day, finding the hungry soil and hungrier landlords of Ulster severe taskmasters, without any power beyond their presbyteries, without any security for their marriages, they became dour Republicans rather from hatred of tyranny than from love of Ireland.

All this was perfectly natural, and yet it explains why even Tone's skill as an organiser was helpless to bind firmly together the Presbyterian Republican of the North and the Catholic Nationalist of the South. Those who know Ulster will only wonder that he succeeded so far as he did. Between the educated Catholic and Presbyterian leaders there was the best of fellow-feeling, but at the most critical times the

old jealousy and prejudices broke out among the humbler members of the society. From 1795 downwards there seem to have been secessions in both directions. Many of the Presbyterians were induced by the Government to join the Yeomanry, while many of the Catholics left the United Irishmen to join the more purely Catholic Defenders. Between the Defenders and the United Irishmen there was a good deal of jealousy, which destroyed the Derry rising (p. 7). During the attack on Glenarm Castle, the Catholics complained that they were hardly used (p. 51).

"Treachery, treachery, damnable treachery!
Put the poor Catholics all in the front,
The Protestants next was the way they were fixed,
And the black-mouthed Dissenters they skulked at the rump."

In fact, the religious divisions of Ulster were the first cause of the failure of the Ulster rising. These divisions were comparatively mild in North Down and South Antrim, where the Presbyterians were mostly voluntary emigrants from Scotland, who had come over since the Williamite war. But in the Plantation counties, Derry, Tyrone, Cavan, Monaghan, Armagh, and Fermanagh, the landlords were able to conjure with the memories of 1641 and 1689, and many of the Presbyterians who had at first been United Irishmen joined the Yeomanry. Mr. Young deals almost exclusively with Down and Antrim, but the distinction between these and the Plantation counties, which remains vivid even to the present day, would repay a careful inquiry. When we add that the Northern rebels got no aid at all from France, and, though they fought well enough, were entirely undisciplined, it is easy to see why they failed.

And why did they or their sons change? Some put it down to Reform, some to Dr. Cooke, some to increasing prosperity. But we cannot help thinking that a few phrases in Mr. Young's book give the truer cause. Outside Belfast the Presbyterians never have been contented. They have grave reasons for discontent. But they made up their mind in 1798 that it was hopeless to try to get reform by fighting the Queen's troops. "It is now a common saying," said the *Belfast News-Letter* in June '98, "among the folk in the Ardes, County of Down, that nobody will ever prevail on them to go and catch cannon balls on the points of pikes and pitchforks again" (p. 79). The present writer has heard the same phrase in the same district. As a song said about Munroe, the commander at Ballynahinch:—

"Now for to conclude and finish my song,
I think that my country was all in the wrong,
In attacking the Government when its strength it was so;
It caused many to die like brave Henry Munroe."

And Munroe's grandson is a judge of the High Court. It is not a heroic moral, but it will serve.

ANTHOLOGIES.

THE CAVALIER AND HIS LADY. Selections from the Works of the first Duke and Duchess of Newcastle. Edited, with an Introductory Essay, by Edward Jenkins. London: Macmillan & Co.

HISTORY AND POETRY OF THE SCOTTISH BORDER. By Professor Veitch. New and Enlarged Edition, in Two Vols. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood & Sons.

SCOTTISH BALLAD POETRY. Edited by George Eyre-Todd. Glasgow: William Hodge & Co.

A POET'S HARVEST HOME. Being One Hundred Short Poems. By William Bell Scott. With an Aftermath of Twenty Short Poems. London: Elkin Mathews & John Lane.

SONGS OF FREEDOM. Selected and Edited, with an Introduction, by H. S. Salt. London: Walter Scott, Limited.

CARMINA MARIANA. An English Anthology in Verse in Honour of or in Relation to the Blessed Virgin Mary. Collected and Arranged by Orby Shipley, M.A. London: Printed for the Editor by Spottiswoode & Co.

It is surprising that "The Cavalier and His Lady," a most charming volume of "The Golden Treasury Series" published twenty years ago, should still be

in its first edition. This selection from the writings of the first Duke and Duchess of Newcastle was made with admirable judgment by Mr. Edward Jenkins, who had probably read the Duchess's thirteen tomes oftener than any curious bookworm of the time. The introduction, tinged with a little with affectation, is a sympathetic but discriminative criticism and interpretation of the Duchess and her writings. Again we declare we cannot imagine why this book did not "go off." Letters, poems, essays, aphorisms—not too many of each, and the longest not too long—make up, with the Duchess's "Autobiography," which is undoubtedly the happiest relic of her authorship, a delightful anthology, exhibiting on almost every page tokens of the lady's lively, vigorous, exuberant fancy and ingenious wit, or of "the loyal Duke's" delicate irony and fantastical virtuosity. Mr. Jenkins thinks that the Duchess's genius was ruined by deficient culture. In our judgment it was the other way. She knew no language but her own, and nothing of philosophy till her fortieth year. She was ignorant, illiterate to the end; and her ignorance was her power. She reminds us of Fanny Burney: a little more study of the writings of others, a few more ideas would have smothered her genius—the fate of the authoress of "Evelina." A rough Old English proverb says that cats and women are spoiled with too much handling. It is true at least of the feminine mind. How many charming girls in our own day have the down rubbed off their light wings? To hand over their fragile minds to professors and "subjects" is to prepare a butterfly for a collection by smoothing it out with a flat-iron.

Although Professor Veitch has expanded one volume into two in the new edition of his "History and Poetry of the Scottish Border," the aim and scope of the original book are preserved. The Professor traces the outlines of Border history, giving in the order of development its salient characteristics, and showing how these, in connection with the scenery of the district, have issued in ballad and song. The writing in these two volumes is rather coarse and sometimes even boisterous, Edward I. appearing as "the English ruffian." This is a real misfortune, because Professor Veitch has a very intimate knowledge of his subject and enthusiasm enough and to spare. Scottish ballad poetry is a subject, indeed, on which few Scotchmen are not enthusiastic, and with reason; for while we may not be prepared to agree with Mr. Eyre-Todd that, in narrative verse "there is nothing which surpasses the ballad poetry of Scotland," we are willing to admit that it is very good ballad poetry. On the whole Mr. Eyre-Todd's collection seems quite equal to any other. He has endeavoured to choose in every case the best original version of each ballad, printing it without alteration. It is well to lay down a rule, and stick to it; and the above is an admirable one, obedience to which would have benefited Scott and other collators. In one instance, however, Mr. Eyre-Todd would have been justified in breaking it. Herd in his fragmentary version of "The Dowie Dens of Yarrow" has the following stanza:—

"But in the glen strive armed men,
They've wrought me dule and sorrow;
They've slain, they've slain the comeliest swain,—
He bleeding lies on Yarrow."

In Scott's collation, the version printed by Mr. Eyre-Todd, the third line runs

"They've slain—the comeliest knight they've slain,"

which, we agree with Professor Veitch, is very inferior. Had Mr. Eyre-Todd followed Herd for this verse he would hardly have been breaking his rule, because Scott's "Dowie Dens of Yarrow" is not an original version, but one skilfully arranged from fragments. Mr. Eyre-Todd has admitted only one ballad not hitherto included in collections. It is a legend of Rothesay Castle, called "The Bluidy Stair,"

and derived from a guide-book published in 1878. No proof is offered of its antiquity, and from internal evidence we are inclined to consider it a modern imitation, in all probability the work of the author of the guide-book.

William Bell Scott's was a strange, incomplete nature. His verse reads like that of an uninspired, a sane Blake. He must have written it with a broken-pointed lead-pencil, which wouldn't mark at all sometimes, and required to be wetted; nothing else will account for the alternate faintness and over-emphasis of the impression. There is nothing to quote, and no single piece that can be referred to as distinguished. The man was none the less a poet; and this reprint, with the twenty additional poems, is a volume which students of poetry cannot afford altogether to overlook.

For Mr. Salt's "Songs of Freedom," a new volume of the "Canterbury Poets," we anticipate a large share of public favour, as the volume contains, on the whole, an adequate collection of English and American poems illustrative of the growth of what may be called the revolutionary ideal. Mr. Shipley's "Carmina Mariana" appeals to a smaller audience, who ought to receive it well. Within the compass of a single volume Mr. Shipley has gathered a body of English verse from Chaucer to Tennyson in honour of, or having for its main theme, the Virgin Mary, and a number of translations from foreign languages with the same subject, either of classical reputation or bearing the *imprimatur* of "the Church." It is the most copious and varied collection of the kind in English.

FICTION.

LIST, YE LANDSMEN! A Romance of Incident. By W. Clark Russell. 3 vols. London: Cassell & Co., Limited.

SWEETHEART GWEN: A WELSH IDYLL. By William Tirebuck. London: Longmans, Green & Co.

THE CRIME OF MAUNSELL GRANGE. A Novel. By Frederic Breton. 3 vols. London: Osgood, McIlvaine & Co.

MR. CLARK RUSSELL has never written a better novel than "List, ye Landsmen!" It might have been supposed that he had ere this exhausted even the infinite possibilities of the infinite ocean. But in the present story he proves that this is not the case. From beginning to end the novel is fresh as well as exciting in incident, whilst the characters he sketches for us are as vivid as any with whom he has as yet made us acquainted. The opening scene, where the hero of the tale, a young officer in the merchant service, is captured by the press-gang, is remarkably powerful. Happily for his readers, Mr. Russell does not allow Mr. Fielding, the officer in question, to remain long in the custody of his captors. The boat in which they are carrying him off to the man-of-war is sunk, and Fielding is eventually rescued by the crew of a small brig which is going down Channel. This brig is bent upon a strange quest. Its captain, in his wanderings round the world, had discovered a vessel laden with treasure shipwrecked in a cave of an uninhabited island in the South Pacific. Keeping the secret of his discovery to himself until he returned home, he had obtained the assistance of a capitalist, and by his aid had equipped the brig for the purpose of recovering the treasure. Here, it is hardly necessary to say, is the foundation of a story to which no man living is capable of doing better justice than Mr. Clark Russell. How the voyage proceeds, how the treasure is recovered, how death and mutiny invade the little brig, how beauteous woman makes her appearance in a most distressful and most delightful form, how Fielding and the young lady who serves as heroine to the story more than once run the risk of a violent death, and how, in the end, fortune crowns the perilous quest, may all be ascertained by those who read these fascinating pages. This, we trust, is a

long way from being the last of Mr. Clark Russell's admirable sea stories, yet it is so good, and so much of exciting incident, graphic description, and excellent character-sketching are crowded into its pages, that the author might well be content to regard it as his swan song, and to rest his reputation for the future upon it alone. Every boy will hang entranced upon "List, ye Landsmen!" but readers of more mature years will find it just as thrilling and enthralling.

So much of brilliant originality and strength of handling distinguishes Mr. Tirebuck's latest story, "Sweetheart Gwen," that to find fault with its motive almost savours of ingratitude to the clever and daring author. But there is something unpleasantly morbid in the picture of a boy's precocious passion for a grown woman, and the very power with which the picture is drawn emphasises that impression of distasteful incongruity. Apart from this rather serious defect, and a certain lack of definite outline in the plot, we have nothing but praise for a story so fresh and so absorbing. The juvenile hero, Mark, is introduced to the reader at the tender age of five years, when he is sent from his home in Liverpool to his grandmother's farm in North Wales. Here he meets his cousin Gwen, a beautiful and bewitching specimen of Welsh girlhood, warm, impetuous, tender, and imperious by turns. Gwen henceforth becomes the sun and centre of the boy's life, the goddess of his young imagination. She carries the child off to her own home, whither he returns to visit her at intervals until he reaches the age of fifteen, when "Sweetheart Gwen" suddenly passes out of his life for ever—an ending equally unsatisfactory to hero and reader, and equally unforeseen by either. It is, indeed, a flaw in the story that the complex motives animating Gwen's conduct towards the boy are never made sufficiently clear to the reader's apprehension, though the fascination of her personality is strongly impressed. In the delineation of Welsh farm-life, Mr. Tirebuck's indubitable gift of vivid and delicate description has full scope. The delightful magic of the story-teller brings before us with astonishing vigour the surroundings, at once picturesque and homely, of little Mark's childish Paradise. Especially good is the presentment of Felicity Robartch, the grim dairywoman whose sour ugliness is the cause of so much terror to the child. Her portrait, indeed, is a notable achievement in the comedy vein, and the scenes in which she alternately torments and coaxes the frightened little boy are the best in the book. It is a pity that such excellent workmanship should have been accompanied by a plot of such dubious taste.

That a clever man is not necessarily able to write a clever novel is a truism of which we have fresh proof in "The Crime of Maunsell Grange." No one can question the fact that its writer has talent, of a sort, nor can it be doubted that he has been a careful reader of some of the best romances in the English language, and notably of "Wuthering Heights." But with all his cleverness, and his knowledge of the way in which great writers handle certain themes, he has not succeeded in producing anything better than a singularly irritating and tiresome novel. The life of Maunsell Grange is not the kind of life that any human being now living knows, nor are the personages who figure in the story cast in the likeness of ordinary human beings. Even the heroine, with whose sufferings at the hands of a tipsy step-mother and a villainous steward we are expected to sympathise, comes very near to being an odious female prig; whilst the hero, to put it mildly, is certainly not a gentleman. Indeed, the chief fault of the book is possibly the inability of the reader to discover a single personage in it whose character is such as to inspire a spark of sympathy or admiration. And yet, as we have said, the book is manifestly written by a clever man, who ought to have given us something better than this hotch-potch of murder, mystery, and meanness.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.*

THE decidedly rude forefather of the Medici, according to a time-honoured tradition, was accustomed to brace the nerves of his son and heir by tossing him out of an upper window, though he was always careful to protect the child of his hopes from rough contact with Mother Earth by the presence of a quick-eyed and strong-handed menial, who duly caught the boy flying. Mr. Baildon recalls the story, and turns it deftly to the purposes of the preface of "The Merry Month, and other Prose Pieces"—a collection of brief essays which, to borrow his own words, "have received a training almost as heroic, in being cast from time to time into the Niagara of the daily press"—as represented, let us here add, by the *Scottish Leader*. Essays, half critical, half fanciful, flavoured with a more or less generous allowance of sentimental moralising, not a few better, but many worse, descend to what Mr. Baildon calls the "mists and darkness of oblivion" in the same mighty torrent. Only occasionally does the useful turnover which has shot the rapids float on the surface again in the "more modest publicity of a bound booklet." We knew long before we took up this book—for we have not forgotten a brief monograph on Emerson, that cleverly set the transcendentalist of concord against the skies and fields of New England—that Mr. Baildon possessed a vein of poetry, and was in the real, and not the artificial or conventional sense, a lover of Nature. These essays are written with a certain distinction of style, but Ruskin, not Emerson, has had much to do with its fashioning. The weakness of the book lies in the fact that the word-painting is excessive, and the thread of thought is sometimes not merely lost, but the reader is filled with alarm lest it should suddenly snap, because of the luxuriant strain which is placed upon it by ornamental adjective and superfluous metaphor. Affectation is another snare to which Mr. Baildon would do well to give heed, and when his sentences meander, more or less gracefully, across a couple of pages, as is sometimes the case in the present volume, what is wanted is the abhorred Fury with the shears. Let us do justice, however, to so pleasant a paper as the "Naming of June," nor fail to utter a word of hearty thanks for "Spring's Unpacking" and "Flower Faces," with their subtle suggestiveness and delicate imaginative charm. There is also a generous "Defence of the Dog," for which all friends of the most companionable, loyal, and sagacious four-footed creature on the earth ought to feel grateful. Except in his most rhetorical moods, Mr. Baildon is readable and entertaining; and even when he is most prodigal of his adjectival wealth, we appreciate his mood if not his manner.

It may be ungallant to say so, but the lady who undertook to compile a little pocket volume for the tourist which should stand by him in his hour of need as "Art Guide to Europe," displayed, to put it mildly, more zeal than discretion. We do not, of course, know whether the idea of such a book originated with Mrs. Bell or with her publishers, but it is obvious that it did not lack ambition, and plain-spoken people would add absurdity. The man who travels through Spain in light marching order hardly cares to be burdened with even the most meagre account of the art treasures of Russia; and when he goes to Greece or Italy, what in the world does he care, for the time being, about the cathedrals of France or the Dutch masters which adorn the picture galleries of Belgium and Holland? Yet Mrs. Bell actually dismisses a city like Cordova in twenty lines, whilst Seville itself has to be content with scarcely more than a page, and Amsterdam—Rembrandt, the Ryks Museum, and much else that is epoch-making notwithstanding—scarcely receives even this amount of attention. Many interesting places up and down Europe are treated still more cavalierly. It is only fair, however, to add that the little book seems accurate as far as it goes; but when it only goes to six or a dozen lines about place after place, in which any ordinary man would contrive to loiter, it is clear that this is another case in which "vaulting ambition" has had an ugly fall. There are many pictures of more or less merit in the book, and a few portraits of the great artists.

Cut and dry "Devotional Services" have never, speaking broadly, found favour in "Nonconformist Churches," and we are not inclined to think that the latest compilation of the kind is at all likely to break down a practice that is based upon principle. The little manual before us is published anonymously, and, we need scarcely say, without authority, and we are by no means impressed with the ability of the unknown compiler. The great majority, at all events, of Nonconformists are not helped in worship where free prayer is curtailed, if it be not actually disallowed; and the small minority, who are of another way of thinking, can scarcely do better than adhere to their present "amended" prayer-books. Whatever the Wesleyans

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may do, neither the Congregationalists, the Baptists, nor the Presbyterians are ever likely to appreciate such aids to devotion, for the strength of their worship lies in its simplicity, and they are wisely jealous of the least approach to priestcraft.

"The Golden Treasury Psalter" is based on an amended version of the Psalms, with historical introductions and explanatory notes by "Four Friends," which first appeared as long ago as the year 1867. Afterwards the book was slightly abridged, and in 1867 was published as a volume of the Golden Treasury Series. In this convenient and attractive form it quickly made its own welcome, and we are glad that it has now been reissued in the present cheap edition of the group of books to which it belongs. The Psalms are here chronologically arranged, and historical illustrations are introduced, but only when it seems possible to throw any light on the circumstances of the writer by other passages in the sacred records of the kings and prophets of Israel and Judah. There is truth in the assertion that most of the popular treatises on the Psalms have aimed rather at the deduction of theological lessons than at the interpretation of the text. The aim, accordingly, in the present instance has been wisely limited to a reverent and scholarly attempt to put the readers in possession of the plain meaning of the writer. The arrangement adopted is that of Ewald's, and it was followed with that critic's sanction.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

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SATURDAY, JULY 8, 1893.

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NOTICE.

The Title Page and Index of Volume VII. may now be obtained, gratis, on application to the publishers. Cases for binding the Volume are also ready, and may be had by order from all Booksellers, price 1s. 6d. each.

THE WEEK.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS: AT HOME.

THE marriage of the Duke of York and the Princess Victoria Mary of Teck took place on Thursday and was made the occasion of a remarkable demonstration of loyalty, not only on the part of the people of London, but of the nation generally. Fine weather favoured the pageant, and the streets of the metropolis were filled with enormous crowds of people, unequalled in magnitude since those which assembled to welcome the Princess of Wales on her arrival in this country thirty years ago. At night the chief public buildings and many private residences were splendidly illuminated, and the leading thoroughfares were again filled by orderly crowds. No hitch occurred in the arrangements for the marriage ceremony and the journey of the bride and bridegroom, though one or two unfortunate accidents took place owing to the pressure of the crowd.

THE Closure was duly applied, in accordance with the resolution adopted by the House a week ago, on Thursday night. The week having been spent chiefly in the discussion of frivolous amendments to Clause 5 of the Home Rule Bill, no discussion whatever was possible on Clauses 6, 7, and 8—a fact for which the Opposition alone are to blame. The application of the Closure was attended by a premeditated “scene” on the part of the Conservatives and Liberal Unionists, cries of “Shame!” and “The gag!” being raised, and Mr. Gladstone being hooted from the Opposition benches. But the demonstration was by no means so general or effective as had been anticipated. After all, most Tories were conscious of the fact that the Liberal majority was doing almost exactly what the Tory majority did in 1887, and that any difference which there might be in the procedure of the two years was wholly in favour of that of 1893. Everybody must regret that there should have been no discussion on one important clause—that which deals with the constitution of the two representative bodies in Ireland; but this,

as we have said, was due to the deliberate determination of the Opposition to prevent such discussion.

It was on Clause 6 that the Ministerial majority fell to the lowest point on Thursday night. The clause was carried by a majority of fifteen only. This was due not to any dissatisfaction on the part of Liberals with Home Rule, but to the desire of certain Radicals to take the opportunity afforded by the clause of making a protest against the House of Lords. Objecting to Second Chambers and property qualifications generally, they voted with the Tory minority against the Government. Their numbers were not sufficient to endanger the safety of the Bill or of the Ministry. Probably, if they had been, these gentlemen would have taken a different course. But it is difficult to understand how such practical politicians as Mr. Labouchere and Sir Charles Dilke came to believe that they were really serving their cause by going into the lobby with the Tories. When the time comes to fight the question of the House of Lords and the constitution of Second Chambers generally, they will not be left alone as they were on Thursday night. All that they succeeded in demonstrating then was the numerical weakness of the little body to which they belong. We trust that there will be no further occasion for action of this kind on their part whilst the Home Rule Bill is in Committee.

Do the Opposition really think that the country is likely to be taken in by the kind of tactics they have seen fit to adopt this week since the passing of the Closure resolutions? Mr. Balfour, in the course of a foolishly violent speech at Stockport last Saturday, professed extreme indignation at the conduct of the Government in gagging those whom it was placing in the dock before a hostile jury. The phrase was certainly not a fortunate one, seeing that it recalled some of the speaker's own worst exploits as Irish Secretary. Still, the most noticeable fact is that Mr. Balfour and his friends evidently do not care to pretend to act up to their own professions. They have deliberately striven this week not to make use of the ample time allowed for debating certain clauses of the Home Rule Bill, but to prevent any real debate on Home Rule whatsoever. By resorting to mere abuse of the Irish members, by moving frivolous and unmeaning amendments, and by seeking in every way possible to provoke personal altercations, they have tried to stave off all real discussion. They could not better have illustrated

the utter hollowness of their own simulated indignation at the closing of the debate, or the reality of their desire not to discuss the Bill upon its merits but by sheer obstruction to prevent any *bond fide* discussion.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN has been engaged during the week in the House of Commons in a thoroughly characteristic fashion. The scavenging operations in which he is an expert have afforded him an opportunity of importing fresh bitterness and venom into the Home Rule debate, and he has seized it with avidity. Having found a passage in a speech delivered by Mr. Dillon nearly seven years ago that was of a somewhat violent character, he took occasion to repeat it to the House, and to comment upon it in his accustomed strain. Mr. Dillon, whom he challenged to explain the speech, made a regrettable but obviously innocent mistake. He said that he had delivered it immediately after hearing a story of great cruelty on the part of the Irish police, and shortly after the Mitchelstown massacre. It turned out that, as a matter of fact, the speech was made before the massacre, and upon this blunder on the part of Mr. Dillon, Mr. Chamberlain founded a peculiarly venomous attack upon the hon. gentleman. He even went so far as to insinuate that Mr. Dillon had "palmed off" a statement upon the House which he must have known to be untrue. The incident, of course, reflects no discredit whatever upon the character of Mr. Dillon, who, it is certain, had not the slightest intention of deceiving the House by misdating his speech; but it undoubtedly throws a very unpleasant light upon the character and temper of Mr. Chamberlain himself.

THIS is not all, however. Mr. Chamberlain is a gentleman with a *dossier* of his own, and it is not one that most persons would covet. He forgot this weak point in his armour when he acted the part of scavenger to Mr. Dillon, and speedy punishment in consequence fell upon him. The purpose of his attack upon Mr. Dillon was to show that the Irish members were not men who could be trusted. Mr. Harrington thereupon charged him with having in 1885 proposed to give these same members the control of the Land Question and the charge of education. His proposal had been made in a letter to a Mr. Duignan, and had been conveyed by that gentleman to the Irish members, many of whom were at the time in prison. Thus challenged, Mr. Chamberlain sought to deny the whole story. On the following evening Mr. Sexton produced a copy of the letter to Mr. Duignan, and it was found to contain these words: "I believe that there are questions not local in any narrow sense, but which will require local and exceptional treatment in Ireland, and which cannot be dealt with to the satisfaction of the Irish people by the Imperial Parliament. Chief among these are the Education Question and the Land Question; and I would not hesitate to transfer their consideration and solution to an Irish Board altogether independent of English Government influence. Such a board might also deal with railway and other communications, and would, of course, be invested with powers of taxation in Ireland." It is only necessary to quote these words in order to satisfy the public as to the value of Mr. Chamberlain's present professions on the subject of Home Rule.

MR. CONYBEARE ought by this time to regret his rather foolish action in writing a letter to the press impugning the impartiality of the Speaker. If there is any foundation for such a charge, a member of Parliament, if he makes it at all, ought to make it in the House of Commons. Want of fairness on the part of the Speaker would be little short of a crime, and if he is to be indicted on this ground the indictment ought to be laid in the most formal manner before the only tribunal that is competent to deal

with the offence. As a matter of fact, the Speaker's fairness and desire to deal impartially are admitted on all sides of the House, and by none more emphatically than by Mr. Gladstone, who on Tuesday spoke with just severity of the action of Mr. Conybeare.

MR. GLADSTONE'S letter to the chairman of his Committee in Midlothian is a welcome counterblast to the more than slightly hysterical utterances of the Unionist leaders. It brings the public mind back to the facts of the political situation from which the opponents of the Government are so anxious to escape. The most important of these facts is that a House of Commons, "elected less than a year ago for the very purpose of trying that issue," has adopted the principle of Home Rule by a substantial majority, and, despite the efforts of the minority to wreck the Bill by mere obstruction, will send it to the House of Lords within a few weeks. It will be for the Peers to decide whether the labours of the Session are to be wasted. That they can "kill Home Rule" is impossible. As Mr. Gladstone truly says, what has happened in the House of Commons this Session is decisive of the ultimate success of the measure. This truth our opponents are too apt to forget; but in their calmer moments there is not one of them who does not realise it.

A SCOTCH correspondent writes:—Mr. Gladstone's letter to Midlothian on Wednesday has filled Scotland with satisfaction. The announcement that the Irish Bill is not to be the only one sent to the House of Lords, and that Mr. Gladstone is confident "this year will not pass away" without other "measures of great value and importance" receiving the deliberate approval of the House of Commons, is exactly what his party wants north of the Tweed. In particular it has satisfied the restless religious-equality men there. The pledge of the Queen's Speech as to a Suspensory Bill may probably be satisfied by the adoption of the fuller, but still very mild, measure of Sir Charles Cameron. But in some way it must be met; and within the last two months more important things have happened than Linlithgow.

THE Scotch assemblies of the Kirk have transacted their jubilee of 1843; and for the first time it was admitted, even from the Moderator's chair, that the F.C. and U.P. bodies are "solid" for disestablishment, and for union on that basis alone. For the first time, accordingly, there has been no talk of any measure such as Mr. Finlay used to hold out to open mouths at Inverness, and the question is now on what terms of justice the Kirk and all outside it can meet. But it is not over the Kirk only that the heather has begun to wave. Mr. Gladstone may be optimistic, but his words have always acted on Scotland like the shout of Achilles from the trench—at the very least, a permission to swarm over it.

WE really see little good in making more than a passing reference to the extraordinary speech which Lord Randolph Churchill delivered at Stockport on Wednesday. When a man who has held responsible positions in the Government can find nothing better to say of the Prime Minister than that he is either a criminal or a lunatic, it is time for the speaker's friends to consider whether an inquiry into his own mental condition is not called for. We do not pretend to understand the abnormal excitement which Lord Randolph Churchill now always shows when he speaks in public; but whatever may be the cause, it is certain that his present condition must give rise to serious uneasiness among his friends. No political importance now attaches to any of his utterances.

THE publication of the despatch from Admiral Markham regarding the circumstances under which

the *Victoria* was lost has made a deep impression upon the country. There seems little room for doubt as to the direct responsibility of Sir George Tryon, the Commander-in-Chief of the Mediterranean Squadron, for an almost unprecedented disaster. When Sir George hoisted the signal directing the fleet to perform a particular manœuvre, it was seen by those on board most of the other vessels, as well as by his own officers, that the operation involved, if not the absolute certainty of a collision, the gravest risk of one. Yet so strong was the sense of discipline among all in the fleet, that the order was obeyed, though not without hesitation, nor without something in the nature of a remonstrance addressed to the Admiral. After the disaster had occurred the other ships took instantaneous steps to send assistance to the *Victoria*, but the Admiral sternly negatived the sending of boats, evidently under the impression that the disaster was not really serious.

It is well-nigh impossible, on any reasonable hypothesis, to account for Sir George Tryon's conduct on this occasion, and perhaps it will be bare justice to the memory of one of the ablest and most distinguished of our naval officers to await the full inquiry that is about to be held at Malta before attempting to form an opinion on the subject. It is known that Sir George had been suffering from illness, apparently rather severe in its character, for some days before the catastrophe. He had only, indeed, resumed his command on the day of the collision, and it is stated that he still looked exceedingly unwell. So far, the only theory that in any way explains his action is based upon this illness. The whole story is a terrible one, and it has added to the gloom of the tragedy.

WHAT ought to have been the conduct of the Admiral's subordinates when he gave them an order which it was almost, if not quite, impossible to execute? This is the question that has excited most attention since the lamentable facts became known, and it is certainly one that deserves the most serious consideration. It would be premature, before the court-martial, to discuss the question in its bearings upon Admiral Markham and the other officers of the fleet. But it is not too soon to lay down what may be regarded as the general principle applicable to a case like that of the Commander of the Mediterranean Squadron. We imagine that it will be admitted, even by the strictest stickler for discipline, that where a Commander-in-Chief gives an order which is obviously impossible of execution, it is the duty of his subordinates, at all risks to themselves, to disobey him. If, for instance, Sir George Tryon had ordered the *Camperdown* to ram the *Collingwood*, or any other vessel in the fleet, Admiral Markham would have been bound to refuse to carry out the order. In this particular case, Admiral Markham, though he recognised the extreme danger of the evolution he was called upon to perform, believed that Sir George Tryon was going to attempt a different manœuvre with his own vessel which would prevent harm to either. Even then he questioned the order until it was peremptorily repeated.

THE Hungarian newspapers are as a rule hostile critics of Mr. Gladstone and his Irish legislation. It is therefore noteworthy that on July 1st leading articles appeared in the *Nemzet* and *Pester Lloyd* dealing with the new arrangements for expediting the discussion of the Home Rule Bill. Both these newspapers—organs of the Hungarian Government party—consider the steps taken by Mr. Gladstone as a useful precedent for their own Government in dealing

with obstruction in the Hungarian Legislature. As long as such a precedent was only set by the Conservatives, it might be branded as a reactionary measure; but now that it has been adopted by Mr. Gladstone, whose Liberalism would be admitted even by Count Apponyi and M. Ugron to be at least as unquestionable as their own, such an objection will be no longer tenable.

THE *Pester Lloyd* goes on to remark the very close connection between the Irish Home Rule movement and the state of things in Austria-Hungary. On June 27th, 1867—that is, a few days after the coronation of Francis Joseph as King of Hungary—the *Irish Weekly News* published a picture entitled "England and Austria: a striking contrast." In the background of the picture, Hungary in the form of a maiden is seen crowning her king, while in the foreground Erin with dishevelled hair lies upon the ground; Britannia, helmeted, stands above her, and is just about to deal the *coup de grace* when her attention is arrested by the group in the background. This is the first application to the relations between the British Islands of the argument, now so familiar, from the agreement between the two integral portions of the Dual Monarchy.

At last the London School Board has become conscious that it has been wasting valuable time, and has got rid, for a season, of the weary and vexatious discussion on the question of religious teaching. On Wednesday afternoon, on the motion of Mr. Lyulph Stanley, the whole subject was referred to the Schools Management Committee for consideration and report. It will come before the full Board in time, no doubt, and then there will be further delay and renewed exacerbations. But the waste of time hitherto, the warfare of deputations and counter-deputations, and the feelings aroused in the process of "heckling" them, have been too much for the majority of the Board, even for all but the extremer members of the so-called "Church Party." During the interval the Board had better deal with the arrears of its proper work. It has had a peremptory letter from the Education Department, requiring it to supply the deficiency in free school places in Pimlico—a deficiency, be it remembered, which the Department has had to investigate itself, owing to the delays and evasions of the Board. There is a still more serious deficiency in Hackney. We can imagine that a rural school board in a remote district, composed of Tory farmers and one or two old-world clergy, might neglect such deficiencies as the Board has done. But we do not expect such neglect from the body which is charged with the elementary education of the greatest town population in the world.

NOT unfrequently a minority proves to be a good deal stronger than its hostile majority. Thus, that portion of the Royal Geographical Society which takes sufficient interest in the admission of ladies to the Fellowship to express their opinion on the subject by post, favours the proposal by two to one. But in the small fraction which thinks it worth while to attend a meeting and vote, the representatives of the minority of the Society are in a majority. Accordingly the proposal to rescind the prohibition of the admission of lady Fellows was lost by 172 to 158. The result is distinctly a matter for regret. The few ladies now Fellows, whose position is not affected by the decision, have done excellent work, and there is no reason why other members of their sex who do as well should be excluded from the work of enlightening the Society. Mr. Curzon, who spoke in favour of exclusion, urged that the presence of ladies would hamper strictly scientific discussion, as

If housekeepers are in earnest in wishing to benefit the unemployed in East London, they should buy BRYANT & MAY'S Matches, and refuse the foreign matches which are depriving the workers in East London of a large amount in weekly wages.

has happened at the Anthropological. No doubt anthropology often demands expurgation, but we never heard of a bowdlerised geography. And surely it cannot seriously be contended that a society which admits the literary adventurer, the pushing company-promoter, and the advertising schoolmaster to the dignity symbolised by the letters F.R.G.S. on payment of a fee, will be degraded into a mere tea-party association by the presence of lady geographers?

THE Reichstag is sitting. The Emperor's speech is moderate in language, but emphatic in tone; and the passage of the first of the Army Bills in a form differing but little from that which the last Reichstag rejected seems to be assured, though it can secure only a narrow margin of support. But nobody can predict what may happen in a body composed of fourteen or fifteen groups, several of them more or less eccentric, and likely to give their support to the Government only on a promise of aid for their own special fads. Meanwhile, as we pointed out last week, there remains yet unsolved the great question, Who is to pay? The Emperor promises that this matter shall be discussed in October and November; and proposes to meet the expenses entailed by the scheme this year by demanding increased contributions from the several Federal States. But it is wholly uncertain what the new sources of Imperial taxation will be. The "three B's" do not find favour, except that the Anti-Semites demand the Bourse tax, which we need hardly say would fall, not on the Jewish broker, but on the investing, or speculating, Gentile. The Christian Socialists and various ingenious amateurs have been trying to invent new taxes—an interesting diversion—but have not got much beyond taxes "on luxury"—that is, on men-servants and carriages, which will not produce much. And the organs of the Government and the National Liberals show a significant anxiety to get the problem postponed till after the passage of the Army Bill.

WE commented last week on the failure of the electoral machinery in Germany to afford an adequate expression of the popular will. Since then statistics have been published which afford a striking illustration of the way in which Fortune has favoured the minority—or, rather, minorities. The number of deputies is 397; the number of votes cast at the first ballot was about 7,400,000. In a theoretically perfect system, therefore, such as that which the late Mr. Hare did his best to realise, where every vote would tell and each group would return its due proportion of representatives, each representative should receive a fraction over 18,639 votes—say, in round numbers, 18,600. The National Liberals, who polled some 960,000 votes, would have a claim to 52 seats; they have secured 50. But the Conservatives, who polled 985,000 votes, and so would be entitled to 53 deputies, have elected 74; the Free Conservatives have secured 24 seats instead of their due quota of 19; while the Socialists, whose strength is in the great centres of population, have polled 1,860,000 votes, and should in strictness have secured 100 seats. Yet they have only 44.

WE deal elsewhere with the disorders of the last week in Paris; and need here only note that they are likely to be intensified and extended for the moment by the closing of the Paris Labour Exchange by the Government on Thursday afternoon. That the Government were entirely justified in their action there can be no doubt whatever. The Labour Exchange was intended to be a labour mart, replacing the *bureaux de placement*, the mismanagement of which has caused so much irritation in the past.

Instead, it has been a centre of revolutionary agitation: and it has been occupied by trade unions which have not even been legally registered. They have been threatened with dissolution unless they register, and legal proceedings to that end are now pending. Seemingly, they are ready to make terms. The action of the Government will, of course, make a useful grievance for the Labour parties. But for that reason it will strengthen the hands of the Government, and promote that closing up of ranks among the "parties of order" which seems likely to be a leading feature of the general election.

IN Austria, labour troubles—intensified by the silver crisis—and the agitation for manhood suffrage, with a great meeting in Vienna to-morrow, are the chief features of the Parliamentary recess so far. But there is some hope that the rearrangement of the currency and the disappearance of the paper money may facilitate the absorption as token coin of some of the superfluous silver which at present burdens the financial world. But it is extremely probable that the executive government has a surprise in store for the Young Czechs; that it intends in fact to carry out by administrative order that establishment of district courts in certain German-speaking districts of Bohemia which was interrupted—when attempted in the regular way by legislation—by the uproar and flying inkstands of the Young Czech party in the Bohemian Diet. If so, we may look for even more startling developments among the Home Rulers of Bohemia.

THE Italian Ministry—secure in the gratitude of those numerous deputies who owe their seats to it and their expenses to the banks—has secured a considerable victory in the Chamber, and is rapidly getting through the debate on the Banking Bill. Meanwhile there are more scandals and threats of scandals, and there is excellent reason to believe that when the report of the Committee of Investigation, now sitting, comes out the Chamber and the public will find that there has been a very grave mistake. In the past—according to the revelations of at least one ex-Minister in the debate—the Banca Nazionale seems in turn to have controlled successive Governments to the detriment of the national finances and to have been controlled by those governments to the detriment of its own. 235 to 129, the vote in the chief division, undoubtedly implies a satisfactory working majority. But the Italian Chamber numbers 508 members; and the absentees are, so far as we know, unaccounted for.

THE anti-Magyar agitation is increasing in Hungary. The Roumanians of Transylvania have petitioned the King of Roumania to request the German Emperor to intercede for them with the Emperor-King. Moreover, both they and the Slovenes propose to hold a series of meetings, to be attended respectively by sympathisers from Roumania and by Young Czech agitators from Bohemia. Whereupon the Government has given notice that "foreigners" are not entitled to take part in Hungarian politics and are subject to expulsion if they do so. It is just as well to keep out the Roumanian foreigners, but it is a pity to stop a fresh vent for the superfluous energy of the Young Czechs.

FOR more than a week there have been rumours of an awkward Ministerial crisis in Spain. The Conservative Opposition object to certain details in the Budget—chiefly, it would seem, to the proposed suppression of certain district courts. Hence systematic obstruction and prolonged negotiations for an arrangement, which has at last been effected with the sacrifice only of the Minister of Justice,

not, as was expected, of the Finance Minister. Spanish credit, unfortunately, has not been high within living memory, and certainly cannot safely endure the shocks to which it has been exposed by the action of the Opposition.

THE Servian Skupshtina—its hands strengthened by petitions from the families of those who fell in the election riots provoked by the fraud and violence of the late Liberal Ministry—has been discussing the question of the impeachment of that Ministry and the procedure to be followed at the trial. If this takes place at all it will be in September or October. Few Ministries have more thoroughly deserved punishment, according to Western ideas. But in the interests of peace in the Balkans, Western Europe will regret that these culprits should receive it.

MUCH attention will no doubt be attracted by the visit the Sultan in his double capacity of suzerain and spiritual potentate is now receiving from the young Khedive. There are rumours of a possible attempt to substitute a Turkish army of occupation for our troops. We need not attach much importance to this; but those who know best are expecting surprises of other kinds from Constantinople. It is, at any rate, satisfactory to see that our Government has done its best, and used language of undiplomatic strength, in regard to the mockery of justice we have so frequently commented on which has just taken place at Angora. For once diplomatic protest has had some effect on the Turkish Government. Two of the prisoners have been pardoned, and it seems quite possible that all may be released. For this result our correspondent at Constantinople deserves a considerable share of the credit.

WE are still without proper information as to the causes of the crisis in Argentina. The late Cabinet has "found it impossible to govern the country," and resigned in a body; President Saenz Peña has taken advice from all quarters, including the President-makers and sometime rivals, Generals Mitre and Roca, and has even contemplated the possibility of a Radical Cabinet. However, a new Ministry has at last been formed by Señor Aristobulo del Valle, but it is not expected to be of long duration. It is at least satisfactory that any Ministry whatever will have the strongest motives possible for maintaining the recent settlement with the bondholders, and so improving the credit of Argentina. But there are elements of disorder in plenty in the background, and the effect of the news has, of course, been disastrous.

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, etc.

THE death of M. Guy de Maupassant has come as a release to a state of misery worse than death. For months past, it is said, the unfortunate author had been steadily sinking into the latter stages of what is known in mental pathology as *amentia*, the most awful plight into which a being who once enjoyed the light of human intellect can fall. Insanity was in his family, and to those who have noted the gloomy persistence with which he pursued his morbid theme, it has often occurred that insanity was also in his books. He was probably the last of the Naturalist school proper; for amongst "*les jeunes*," amongst the generation whom M. Zola addressed the other day, Naturalism does not flourish—it has run to seed. M. Zola, like a childless chief, has lived to be himself the last of his line.

A DUBLIN newspaper, which is kind enough to notice our recent article on the Irish Literary Society, accuses us of what it calls "log-rolling," because we used some strong (though discriminating) words in

praise of Mr. William O'Brien's book, "When we were Boys." "Log-rolling," which in literary slang, we believe, means the puffing by one writer of another writer's works in consideration of a similar service being rendered in turn to the productions of writer No. 1 by writer No. 2—in other words mutual advertisement by authors at the expense of honest criticism and to the deceiving of the public. It is a very contemptible offence, of which, of course, it is ridiculous to speak, not merely in connexion with THE SPEAKER but with any English journal of its class. We only refer to the matter for the sake of saying a word to our Irish literary friends—as we hope, on the strength of this little breach of good manners against us, we may do without impertinence. It is that they will never nourish a healthy plant of native literature unless they train themselves to receive frank and conscientious criticism, whether they agree with it or not, in the spirit in which it is meant. Tastes differ infinitely, and it is surely the most elementary lesson in worldly as well as literary wisdom to recognise that one man may fail to see eye to eye with another without being the victim of any sort of prejudice. We ourselves happen to have formed one or two definite views (which we hope to have an occasional opportunity of developing) on such Irish literature as we have read. One of them is the belief that Mr. O'Brien's novel, in spite of its faults and the circumstances under which it was written, is an astonishingly vivid and truthful picture of Irish life on a large canvas, and a valuable revelation of Celtic psychology—in both these respects superior to any other Irish novel that we know. But this view is only offered for what it is worth, and we should be just as much interested in examining a criticism which differed from it as one in which it was approved. We watch the new Irish literary movement with the greatest interest and sympathy, and it seems to us that the best service that can be hoped for it at the present stage is that the local criticism which accompanies it should emancipate itself from the vices of provincialism.

IT is only by a very liberal interpretation of the Act regulating the Queen's Civil List that its benefactions to those "distinguished in art, literature, and science" can be held to include the widows and children of such servants of the State. As, however, in this thoroughly-generous country no other compassionate fund is available from which widows and orphans can be relieved, it is absolutely necessary "to rob Paul to provide for Thekla." The first distribution of the Civil List Fund (which is limited to £1,200 a year) is very much in point. The widows of Professors Minto and Thorold Rogers, of Mr. Adolphus Trollope and Mr. Wolstenholme, are given small and wholly inadequate allowances to maintain them and their families in the position to which their respective husbands had raised them. The disproportion between the services rendered by all these men, and the pittance doled out to their widows—£75 in the case of Mrs. Minto, and £50 each to the three other ladies—would be grotesque if it were not humiliating. The supporters too of the equal rights of women will be irritated to learn that Mr. J. Gwenogvryn Evans is the recipient of £200 per annum—for services which are better known and appreciated on the other side of the Welsh border than on this.

IN October of last year we had occasion, *apropos* of the proposal of exhibiting a gigantic telescope at the Paris Universal Exposition, to draw our readers' attention to the building of large telescopes, and to their usefulness in extending observational astronomy. The construction of large instruments has only been made possible by the slow but genuine improvements that have taken place in the manufacture of glass, the casting of large discs of the same, and in their subsequent grinding and polishing.